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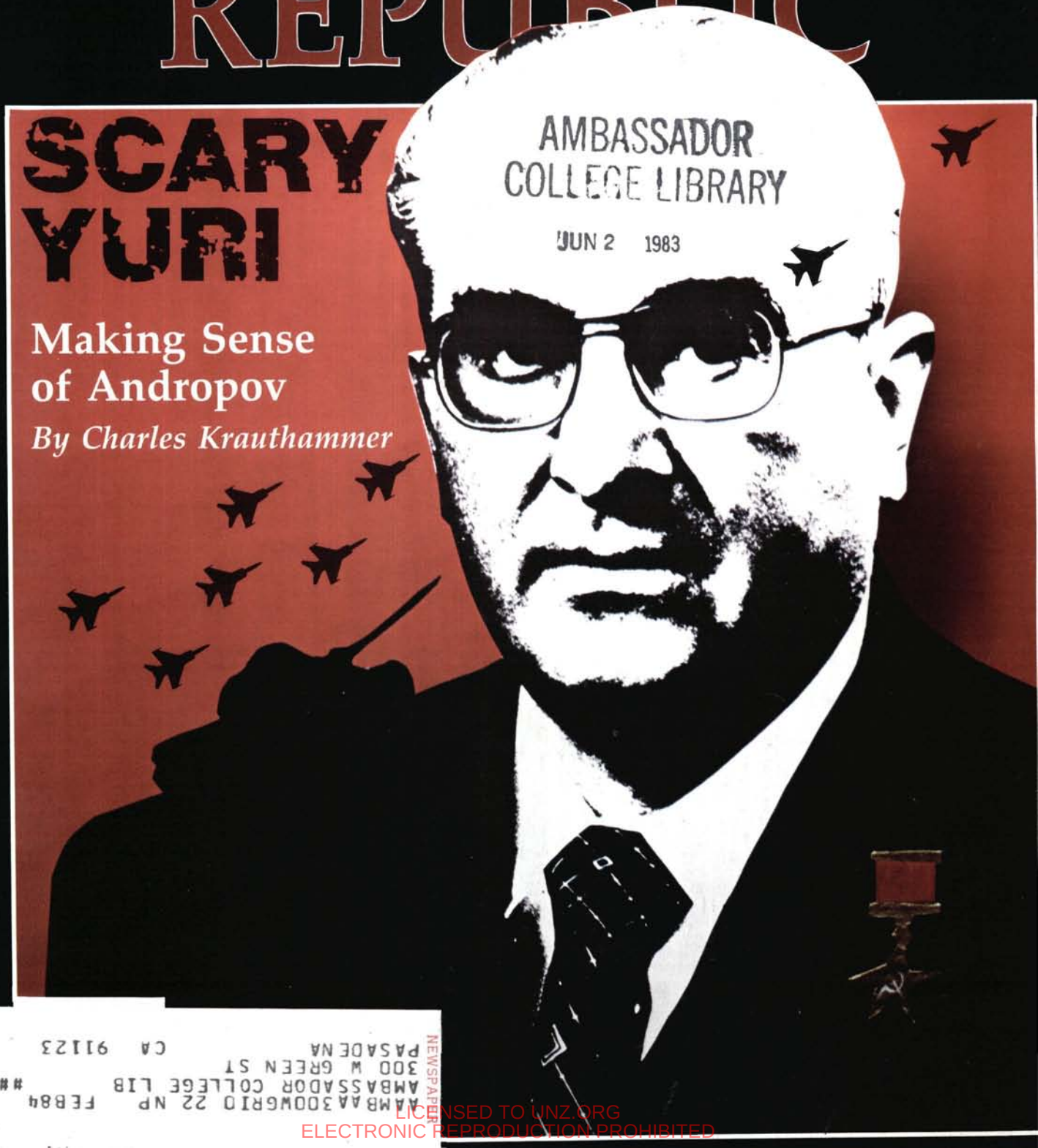

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CORRESPONDENCE

GANDHI, TRUE OR FALSE?

To the editors:

Mr. Hendrik Hertzberg complains in "True Gandhi" (TNR, April 25) that I seriously misrepresent both the facts and the spirit of Gandhi's life ("False Gandhi," TNR, March 21). I do no such thing.

As regards the facts, Mr. Hertzberg is dissatisfied with my strictures on the way the Amritsar massacre was portrayed in the movie, *Gandhi*. To confound me he prays for aid from the investigation carried out by the Hunter Committee and embodied in its report published in May 1920. His Majesty's Stationery Office, publishers of the Hunter Report, exalted as it no doubt is, or even George Orwell and Martin Buber, whose still more exalted names Mr. Hertzberg also invokes, unfortunately cannot dispense the historian from the duty to examine and appraise the evidence for himself.

And the evidence indicates that the Hunter Report is not a satisfactory or adequate guide to what happened at Amritsar on April 13, 1919. Mr. Hertzberg quotes from the Hunter Report, but fails to indicate from which of the two Hunter reports he is quoting: the minority report, signed by the three Indian members, or the majority one, signed by the European members. The division was ethnic and political, and the committee may thus be considered more a public spectacle serving to placate, please, or arouse various groups than a body devoted to dispassionate historical investigation. It was never clear whether those who appeared before it were simply witnesses, or whether they were on trial; and if on trial, under what law and rules of evidence, and for what offenses. This damaging ambiguity, the chairman's indulgence in allowing public examination of witnesses (who were not assisted by counsel) to range far and wide, and the fact that the government's evidence was heard in camera, all serve greatly to diminish the value of the document which Mr. Hertzberg so proudly holds aloft as a piece of historical research.

He does so in order to exonerate Gandhi from all responsibility for what took place in Amritsar. But disturbances there—and elsewhere—were the direct outcome of Gandhi's call for a day's stoppage of business. Whether the mobs who went on a rampage in order to enforce the strike were an example of the *satyagraha*, the "truth-firmness," with which Mr. Hertzberg is much taken, I leave it to him to decide. At any rate, mobs rioted in Delhi on March 30. After a police sergeant was brutally murdered in Ahmedabad (Gandhi's native city) on April 11, Gandhi called a halt to his campaign, and confessed in a letter to the Viceroy's private secretary that it had been "a Himalayan blunder." In Lahore there were disturbances on April 10, while in Amritsar itself on the same day five men and two women were murdered, and schools, banks, a church, the railway goods station, and the telegraph office were sacked. The city was in fact in the hands of the mob, and the civil authorities felt compelled to hand over responsibility to the military.

This is the context in which General Dyer's action has to be placed. The context of course does not in any way diminish his responsibility. But anyone seeking to understand what took place must keep in view that here was a town in the hands of a mob, that a warning had been published that public gatherings were illegal and liable to be fired on, and that Dyer with less than one hundred soldiers at his disposal had to face a large crowd, estimated at between six thousand and twenty thousand, illegally assembled in a small enclosed space. Had Attenborough's film managed to convey how fearful the breakdown in government was, what menacing pressure the riots, the lootings, and the murders exerted on those who carried responsibility, viewers would have been moved by the terror and pity of it. *Gandhi* could then have had some claim to be called a work of art.

I will not presume to offer any judgment about the character of Indian politics since independence. But Mr. Hertzberg is surely mistaken in giving credit for parliamentary government in India—such as it is—or the coexistence of so many ethnic groups and languages to Gandhi's influence. Coexistence had long been a feature of traditional Indian society. If it has been eroded, and communal tensions increased, this can be ascribed to the rise of populist politics which Gandhi's methods did so much to make legitimate and popular. As for parliamentary and representative government, Gandhi had only contempt and hatred for it. The British Parliament, he wrote, "is like a prostitute because it is under the control of ministers who change from time to time."

Again, Mr. Hertzberg is mistaken in thinking that in saying that Gandhi believed Western civilization to be Satanic I was unjustly ascribing to him views which properly belong to that other great religious figure of modern times, Ruhollah Khomeini. Decades before the Ayatollah uttered his fulminations, Gandhi had already condemned European civilization root and branch. "This civilization," he wrote, "is such that one has only to be patient and it will be self-destroyed. According to the teaching of Mohammed this would be considered a Satanic civilization. Hinduism calls it the Black Age. . . ."

Finally, I must disabuse Mr. Hertzberg of the notion that the purpose of my original article was to attack Gandhi. It was, rather, to review the film, purely and simply. If I was led to touch on the real Gandhi's record, it was because the celluloid hero was claimed to be a facsimile of the original when in fact he is an emanation of the Mahatma's rhetoric and a projection of the fancies promoted by the devotees of his cult.

ELIE KEDOURIE
London, England

Mr. Hertzberg replies:

Mr. Kedourie dislikes both *Gandhi* and Gandhi; I like both the movie and the man. Fair enough.

Mr. Kedourie also dislikes the Hunter Committee. But he does not specify even a single inaccuracy in its report on the Amritsar massacre. His view of the Hunter Report is not shared by other historians.

Mr. Kedourie's version of the events at Amritsar is at odds with every other account I have read, including those of Louis Fischer, Robert Payne, Ved Mehta, and D.G. Tendulkar. Neither in his original article ("False Gandhi," TNR, March 21) nor in his letter does Mr. Kedourie give us any inkling of his own sources. Given that the nominal subject of discussion is the historical accuracy of the film, this is a striking omission.

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Capitol Bias Blues

To the editors:

Dirk Olin's report on the status of equality on the Hill ("On the Hill: Unequal Opportunities," TNR, May 30) is disturbingly accurate, even in the most liberal congressional offices.

One of three young staff assistants in a liberal Democrat's office, I have found discrepancies in the expectations for myself and my male colleagues. Whereas the other S.A.s are given increasing responsibility and are expected to advance, I must constantly remind people that I too consider my junior position as a stepping-stone, an apprenticeship, to more substantive legislative responsibility.

I hope that Mr. Olin's article helps spur others to recognize this discrimination and to lobby the federal government from within to gain for public sector employees what the civil rights movement gained for private sector employees.

One largely ignored argument for the Equal Rights Amendment addressed this problem—that federal employees do not have equal rights under the law, and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 solely covers private sector employees.

REBECCA A. LLOYD
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

At the conclusion of an otherwise fine article, Dirk Olin misquotes Mark Twain to support his thesis that Congress legislates equal employment opportunities for all institutions but itself.

Twain's handwritten inscription on the frontispiece of my copy of his book *A Dog's Tale* (1905) reads: "To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler, and no trouble."

While Twain would prefer to be quoted accurately, I am sure that he would have a larger preference that Congress cure itself of unequal employment opportunities before it prescribes this medicine for the rest of the body politic.

MICHAEL C. NORMILE
Falls Church, Virginia

Latin American Realism

To the editors:

Anthony Burgess should stay away from Latin American novels. He grudgingly discusses the latest work by Gabriel García Márquez, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* ("Macho in a Minor Key," TNR, May 2), only after whining about the "problems" he had with the task: he read the novel in translation, and he is not sure he liked *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, or that he can agree with the "committee of literati in Stockholm" on this author's place in the literary world.

Before he undertakes to assess another work of Latin American fiction, Anthony Burgess ought to do a bit more reading. He might begin with a history book. He has displayed a gross misunderstanding of the complexities of Latin American culture and literature in his narrow, ethnocentric, and blindered focus on *machismo* as the driving force, the demon in that culture. Burgess of course invokes Jorge Luís Borges, whose work I too admire but I suspect that Burgess holds up Borges as Latin America's preeminent writer on the basis of one fact: Borges is fascinated with Europe.

He might at least have gotten the title right: the book he calls "the Argentine epic that glorified *machismo* and helped to keep South American literature out of the real world" is *Martín Fierro*, not *Martín Ferrol*. If Burgess knew even a little bit more about Latin America, its literary production and its history, he might know that *Martín Fierro* is an exploration, a celebration of native values and folklore, that it depicts *criollo* culture at a time when European economic expansion was threatening to cut a swath through that culture, changing its character forever. It is a glorification of the richness of native mores and customs, not of the simplistic concept of *machismo*.

But perhaps that is what Mr. Burgess thinks the real world is all about: the abandonment of traditional values and their substitution with hybrid replacements; the destruction of unique cultures and the emulation instead of European progress. If that is so, and his review leads me to believe that is his view, then it is no surprise that he clings to his admiration for Borges while writers like García Márquez are creating literature that is more realistic in its depiction of the Latin American world. Perhaps he is the wrong reviewer for this genre, and should stick to British novels, thus avoiding the *machismo* he finds distasteful and the tradition he clearly misunderstands.

DEBORAH JAKUBS
Stanford, California

Small Sizes Available

To the editors:

Oh no! I thought he was gone, but there he is again—the macho dude in the ad for THE NEW REPUBLIC t-shirt. Is this guy a joke or what? Bulging crotch, round glasses, tough he-man pose—the self-image of TNR readers? Left-leaning, compassionate toward the disadvantaged, but still strong and independent. I just hope the folks at *National Review* don't start spreading this drawing around—it could be just as embarrasing for all the other faithful TNR readers as it is for me. Come on! Get rid of the Robert Redford type. Give us a nerdy-looking guy in Woody Allen glasses.

FRANK LAMELAS
Middlehope, New York

The editors reply:

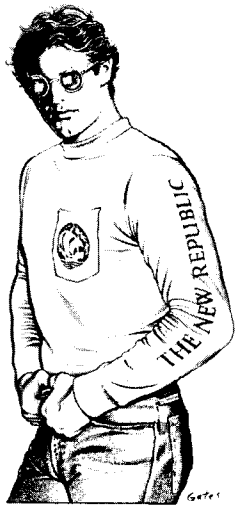

FIGURE 1: MACHO DUDE

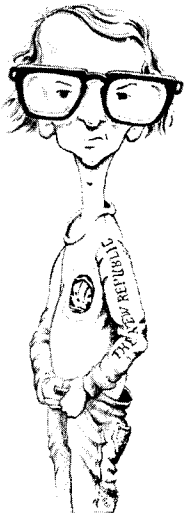

FIGURE 2: NERD

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FROM WASHINGTON

BRIDGES AND PATCHES

Hart Crane and capitalism, Walt Whitman and industrial policy—strange joinings, but they are everywhere. The occasion is the centennial celebration of the Brooklyn Bridge, which is filling the media with a feeling for American greatness. Well that it should. This precious structure of woven steel and stone is not a fact of nature, as the Brooklyn-born (this one, at least) needs to be reminded; it is a fact of history, whose subject is indeed the heroism of growth. It is appropriate on this anniversary for the American heart to swell. And while it does, while the national spirit makes the commemorative crossing from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from things dreamed of to things won, your columnist will cross the other way, back to Brooklyn, back to the raw reality that precedes greatness, back to a society that does not quite scan. I don't mean to spoil the party. But if there is one thing that Brooklyn breeds in you, it is the consciousness of casualty. Besides, Whitman did it too; there is in the center of "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," of which you have heard this week, a catalogue of demons, of "dark patches" on the brilliant metropolitan expanse. The patches, as the poet predicted, are still plentiful.

Look away from the city's confines of commerce, from the temples to profit and power that crowd the tip of the island, and start across the bridge. Its arches are Gothic—there are those who did not acquire their acquaintance with such arches at Chartres. Leave the bridge, and do not stop at the River Café; it is not for this that you left Manhattan. Pass, too, the blandishments of Brooklyn Heights. (Observe, however, the border between the gentry and the underclass, the Fulton Avenue frontier across which they do not hail each other.) Head north to Greenpoint, and find Bedford Avenue, and follow it all the way south, through Bedford-Stuyvesant and Crown Heights to Flatbush and Sheepshead Bay. When you reach the bay, you will want to sit by it and think. The congratulations of American society amid which you crossed the bridge will have bowed a bit before the contradictions of American society that you found on the other side.

There are other paths through Brooklyn that leave the same impression, and other cities, too. The impression is not exactly of misery, though there is misery. Nor is it exactly of variety, though there is variety. It is the impression of the incommensurability of all the forms of life you have seen. This is the sad side of the much-praised pluralism of America. It contains a great deal, but it does not add up. Many groups live in Brooklyn, but there is nothing organic about it. Quite the contrary. It is amazing how far away from each other people who are so close to each other can be. They do not speak the same language, even when the language is English. They view each other with suspicion, and sometimes with hatred. They do not form coalitions (this is one of the wounds from which the Democratic Party is ailing) because they do not recognize common interests. They do not, these Jews and Italians and Irish and blacks and Puerto Ricans between the East River and the Atlantic Ocean, experience a single world. It is a seamful web, Brooklyn.

This feeling of strangeness in other people's neighborhoods, this failure to find welcome, is the nightmare of ethnicity. It is the harvest of the politics and the social science of the '60s. The corrosive character of the ethnic idea was not foreseen. There comes a point, however, when pride becomes difficult to distinguish from prejudice, and pluralism from separatism. In Brooklyn, ethnicity has degenerated into exclusiveness. A narrow view is a badge of honor.

continued on page 38

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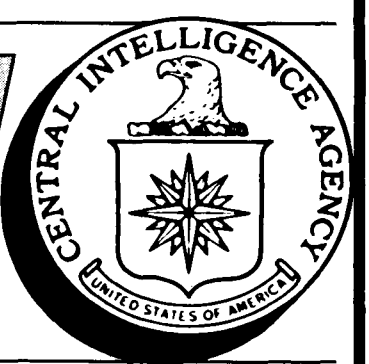

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 13, 1983

DEFICIT OF SENSE

A great crescendo of opposition to Ronald Reagan is building once again over the issue of budget deficits and interest rates. The opposition includes leaders of both parties and both Houses of Congress, members of Mr. Reagan's own White House staff, the American economic establishment as represented by the two hundred-member Bipartisan Appeal group headed by former Commerce Secretary Peter G. Peterson, most of the leaders of the industrial world who gathered over Memorial Day weekend in Williamsburg, and most of the best of the world's press. When one man bucks a crowd we tend to root for the man, but in this case the crowd is right: Mr. Reagan's budget deficits and the resulting high American interest rates are dangerous for the world economy. How this can be so, when the U.S. economy is rebounding and other nations are anticipating a revival as well, was explained recently by *The Economist*, as follows:

> The world economy has managed one decent recovery during the past ten years: that was in 1976-78, when growth in the twenty-four countries of the O.E.C.D. averaged 4.5 percent a year and unemployment fell. The recovery ran into the sand and it has taken almost four years—and 15 million more unemployed—for a second one to beckon. Another cycle of short-lived growth and prolonged recession could cause the electorates of half the world's democracies to abandon the belief that today's more-or-less liberal economic order can deliver growth, jobs, and low inflation. It is no consolation that they would then find that the illiberal alternatives on offer would do much worse.

It's true that American interest rates aren't the only danger to the world economy. Protectionism and the possibility of a world banking collapse are others. But high U.S. interest rates remain the most serious threat, and they exacerbate the other dangers. High interest rates draw capital out of other countries for deposit and investment here. That's good for the U.S. economy (provided it is invested productively, which is not always the case), but it inhibits growth abroad. The Europeans need to retain their own capital in order to sustain recovery, and they also need lower domestic interest rates. But high rates in the U.S. force the European banks to charge higher rates, too.

Because high interest rates cause money to flow into the United States, the value of the dollar against other currencies is increased, which raises the cost of commodities denominated in dollars, especially oil. The strong dollar also affects the U.S. economy, making our exports expensive and foreign imports cheaper, encouraging U.S. industries to move overseas and inflaming protectionist sentiment. The Americans who suffer most because of high interest rates are workers whose jobs are either exported or eliminated entirely. They end up victims of a Reagan triple whammy: the recession put them temporarily out of work, the budget cuts reduced their government benefits, and now high interest rates threaten to keep them unemployed. Actually, they may have been victimized four ways, the fourth adding insult to injury: the Reagan tax cuts that have produced big federal deficits and high interest rates have also provided corporations and rich investors with the funds to relocate plants overseas.

The countries getting the worst of the Reagan interest rates likewise tend to be the least affluent—those which need to borrow simply to keep their economies afloat. If they can't borrow and have to pay artificially inflated oil bills, they face bankruptcy. The Third World's vengeance on the first world is the debt bomb—the danger that Brazil or Mexico or some other combination of heavy debtor countries will default on huge loans owed to Western banks and bring the world financial system crashing down.

High U.S. interest rates aren't entirely Mr. Reagan's fault. They are partly OPEC's doing—the oil price surges of

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the 1970s having caused the hyperinflation that forced lenders to raise the cost of borrowing to protect their ability to get their money back. Then the remedy for inflation under both Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan was tight money (the Volcker cure), which sent interest rates up further. Under Mr. Reagan, recession has brought both interest rates and inflation down, as the President loves to remind us, but real interest rates—the difference between the prime rate and inflation—remain at 8 percent, which is debilitatingly high.

The reason—says the chorus of international opinion—is the Reagan budget deficit, which will top $200 billion this fiscal year and remain in that range for the foreseeable future. It used to be conservative dogma that government had to pay its bills, and indeed Mr. Reagan campaigned in 1980 on a promise to balance the budget in fiscal 1984—next year. Even when he knew the budget couldn't be balanced, he paid political homage to the concept as late as last year by advocating passage of a balanced budget constitutional amendment. In the event, Mr. Reagan will have added more money to the national debt in four years than did all the Presidents from Washington through Nixon.

The deficit has to be made up by borrowing, of course, and the government stands first in the borrowing line. $200 billion is more than three-quarters of all the money saved in America each year, which leaves little for private borrowing. Interest rates reflect the competition for that remaining money. President Reagan has been lucky in that he has another source of funds to borrow from: the capital imported from weak economies abroad. American workers and foreign workers alike are paying for the fiscal profligacy of this conservative President.

RESPONSIBLE POLITICIANS, including some in the President's own party, have tried to call a halt to the cycle by advocating modest deficit-control measures, including a paltry $9 billion in tax increases for fiscal 1984 and a scaling back of the Reagan defense increases from 10 percent to 6 percent. Those are the basic ingredients of the budget resolution that passed the Senate last week. Even though the House had earlier passed much larger tax increases and defense cuts, it's clear that many House leaders actually prefer Senate-sized budget remedies for this year. The makings are there for a bipartisan agreement that could set the United States on course for steady deficit reduction. Mr. Reagan, however, is against any tax increases, and wants any deficit reduction to come at the expense of domestic spending programs. He has threatened to veto appropriations bills or even to shut down the government to work his will.

Mr. Reagan is setting up a political confrontation that makes for exciting election-year drama, but solves none of the problems he's created for the international economy with his huge tax cuts, huge defense increases, and historic deficits. As the President's opponents, Democratic and Republican, gird for the fight against his obstinacy, they can take courage from this: the world is rooting for them, not him.

UNGLAMOROUS GUERRILLAS

There are few intellectual and political spectacles more satisfying to see than the transformation of a piety into a perplexity. Sloganeers, after all, deserve to squirm. Some of them may be squirming soon, for history is playing a cruel and confounding joke upon one of the pieties of American political culture of the past two decades, which is the moral glamor of the guerrilla. The guerrilla seems to be slowly changing sides. He is still struggling with imperialism, to be sure, but more and more the imperialism is not American. It is Russian. The figure that a lot of the left most loved is fighting for the faith that it most hated; the guerrilla, in brief, is an anti-Communist.

Not everywhere, certainly. Soviet-sponsored guerrilla movements, which disguise national repressions as national revolutions, have not passed from the earth; the Sandinistas and the P.L.O. are the most obvious examples. But a different pattern of guerrilla activity has emerged. Many of the most stirring guerrilla struggles now take place against Soviet power, or Soviet proxy power. In Afghanistan, Cambodia, Nicaragua, and Angola the art of revolutionary warfare has been turned against those who rule in the name of revolution. Of course there is no single type of anti-Communist guerrilla; the dreams and the objectives of all these forces are not the same. In Afghanistan the fighters in the mountains seek sovereignty. In Nicaragua the fighters in the forests seek democracy. And the West must not deceive itself that every enemy of communism is a friend of Western institutions. Still, the West has a new kind of friend, and the East a new kind of enemy. The geopolitical consequences of guerrilla movements are no longer horrible for the West to contemplate. They are horrible for the other side.

The debate about the proper American attitude toward this phenomenon rages. "Isolationists" confront "interventionists." There are practical reasons for carefully calibrating the nature of American aid to these various guerrilla forces; a big stick in Central America may damage us, as it may not in Afghanistan. But in the matter of morality we should be clear. All of these guerrilla forces—Son Sann's, Edén Pastora's, Jonas Savimbi's, and the Pathan tribesmen's—are fighting the good fight. They are fighting colonialism or totalitarianism or a mixture of both. These are greater abominations than covert operations. While the political calculus of the American people may be complicated, then, its moral calculus may be simple. In the opinion of this country, these men and women, resisting Russian domination almost without arms and almost without sleep, should be high.

Perhaps there was no image more emblematic of the political exfoliation of the 1960s than the acrylic poster of Ché Guevara, which was hung first in dorm rooms and later in storefronts. Will there be a poster of Edén Pastora? It is not likely. Part of the reason is that times have changed, and posters are no longer about political sub-

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jects. But that is not the whole reason. The lionization of the anti-Communist guerrilla goes against a cultural grain. For a large segment of the progressive population of this country, a pro-American insurrectionary movement is an oxymoron.

The history of the political prejudices of the children of the American middle class will be of little interest in the Central American jungles or the Central Asian hills. There help is needed, and deserved. If it comes, and when it comes, and how it comes, and why it comes, remains to be seen.

CRASH COURSE

You are driving along one of those twisting, tree-lined little roads that connect the interstates in New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho. Rounding a particularly narrow turn, you suddenly find yourself looking up at the huge and rapidly expanding grille of an eighty-foot, forty-ton truck. Now what do you do?

That dilemma has become much more likely thanks in part to a putatively laissez-faire Administration's misguided meddling in state affairs. Exit new federalism; enter killer trucks. For decades states have set the safety standards for their federally funded highways, and with good reason—the Feds, as absentee landlord, could not possibly maintain the requisite knowledge of each state's transportation arteries. Two events have changed this sensible arrangement: first, Congress got run over by the truckers' lobby; second, the Department of Transportation decided to play pin-the-trailer-on-the-highway.

It all began last December, when the House of Representatives was debating the five-cent-per-gallon gasoline tax as part of the Surface Transportation Assistance Act. Under intense pressure from lobbying groups such as the American Trucking Association, which argued that the new surcharge would maim their struggling industry, the House traded the truckers' acceptance of a gasoline tax for an override of rules in fourteen states that formerly had prohibited tandem-trailer trucks on their highways. The truckers' motive: the larger payloads carried by the double rigs would reduce overhead and raise profits. The new legislation not only opened many new thoroughfares to the double-barreled supertrucks, it also permitted them to be widened from 96 to 102 inches and enlarged by more than 6,700 pounds. Many safety experts considered the relaxations pretty grim news, but they assumed the Administrative Procedures Act at least would ensure that the states would determine which routes could accommodate the hookups. It didn't exactly turn out that way; in April federal authorities tacked on some 38,000 extra miles to the 100,000 that the states had designated. It was only an interim system, said the Feds, and the states could make suggestions through September. But the Department of Transportation computer had designated many new routes that even truckers agreed were unsafe for double rigs. The situation was compounded by poor communications between the federal and state departments of transportation. A head-on collision was inevitable.

So the Feds let the trucks get a little bigger, and opened up a few thousand additional miles of roadway. Why all the fuss? Part of the answer undoubtedly lies with state-federal turf battles, but there are important questions of public safety and cost as well. Research conducted by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a Washington-based nonprofit organization, found that trucks have a much lower crash rate than cars, but that their fatal crash rate is significantly higher (5.3 deaths per 100 million vehicle miles to 2.8 for cars). Moreover, combination trucks have almost twice the crash rate of straight trucks and a 60 percent higher fatal crash rate. The statistics are especially frightening because they show that although truck drivers are significantly safer vehicle operators than almost everyone else on the road, the vehicles themselves are still the most lethal.

But as far as regulators, legislators, and truckers are concerned, there is more than life and death at stake here; there is money. States that fail to comply with the orders by October 1983 have been threatened with a cutoff of federal highway aid, the traditional club used by the Federal Highway Administration. Truckers, for their part, will be required to pay increased excise and commercial licensing fees in addition to the new gasoline tax. Which leads to the issue of cost: the revenue increases from the gas tax and higher fees probably will not come close to offsetting the increased repair costs needed for more battered highways. That will widen an already immense chasm between the road beaters and the road billpayers. A Department of Transportation study conducted on the basis of 1977 statistics indicates that car drivers were paying roughly 110 percent of the maintenance costs necessitated by their vehicles, while truckers were paying only 79 percent of their share of the costs; and trucks weighing over 75,000 pounds were paying only 45 percent. Even highly placed truck lobbyists concede that there has been an historical inequity.

WESTERNERS might have been expected to respond to all of this with a shrug. The huge vehicles have been seen on their flat, straight highways for years. But surprisingly, a number of Western states have opposed the Transportation Department's deregulation, largely because of the way it ignored the states' designations of roads. California, Idaho, and a number of Southern states voiced angry objections to federal ignorance; Vermont, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Alabama brought suit in federal courts, seeking reestablishment of state jurisdiction; and the governors of Connecticut and New Jersey unilaterally imposed bans on the supertrucks.

Faced with lawsuits from four states and the opposition of many others, the Federal Highway Administration altered the new rules in April, and its administrator, Ray Barnhart, withdrew his permission for double trucks to

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use federally designated access roads in the four states that brought suit. He also announced the initiation of a plan to develop guidelines for establishing suitable routes. Barnhart recently appeared with New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean on "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report," making a direct offer of conciliation. "We'll be glad to work with you, Governor, on deleting those sections where you feel that you've got a problem," he said. "Well, there's a number of them," replied Kean, "and if you are going to delete them, then we're going to get along fine. But if you're not . . . then I suppose that we'll end up in court sooner or later."

Informal negotiations are unlikely to resolve the dispute. The Connecticut ban, by far the most comprehensive, has prompted a letter to Governor William A. O'Neill from the Justice Department, threatening a civil suit in Federal District Court to enjoin the state ban. "The law is the law in the state of Connecticut, and we'll see them in court," responded Governor O'Neill. He added that the Department should await congressional consideration of the issue before undertaking "precipitous and unwarranted action." (In the House, Representatives William Ratchford and Barbara Kennelly of Connecticut have introduced a sound, comprehensive bill that would delay implementation of the federal requirements and establish procedures for exempting certain highways while the problem is studied.)

But like the Justice Department, many state attorneys general are inclined to pursue their cause through the federal courts, and that may be the best route to take. Given their driving records, legislators and regulators shouldn't be the only ones with their hands on this policy steering wheel.

NOTEBOOK

□ "GENUINE OR NOT, it almost doesn't matter in the end"—these were *Newsweek*'s immortal words on the Hitler "diaries." It turns out to matter a great deal, as subsequent events show. A scandal similar to the scandal at *Stern* exists Stateside, too, except that nobody is making a scandal of it. Alfred A. Knopf has published *The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao* by Yao Ming-le, "an inside account" of a plot to murder Mao Zedong. (See the review by Judith Shapiro in this issue.) The author's name is a pseudonym. The documents upon which the book is based are "under tight security in Chinese government archives." And, as its jacket copy correctly observes, "to call it sensational is probably an understatement." This book drips with contempt for the practice of history. How does its editor know it is true? What evidence has he seen? Surely there are standards of truth which even something "sensational" must meet. Have they been met? It is worth considering, too, that there is no end to the number of such sensations that can be squeezed out of closed societies. This the publisher appears not to have considered. "*The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao*," the copy concludes, "is being published on the assumption that the story it tells is true." So were some of the falsest and most fearful books in history. Perhaps Yao Ming-le's book is genuine; but genuine or not, if Knopf could publish it without producing any proof, it almost doesn't matter in the end.

□ IT IS SAD TO SEE a courageous and gifted writer making a damn fool of himself. Aleksandr Solzhenitzyn, in London recently to receive the annual Templeton Prize for his contribution to freedom of religion, delivered another of his thunderous jeremiads, this time placing the blame for all—yes, all—the catastrophes of the twentieth century on—you guessed it—atheism. "Men have forgotten God; that's why all this has happened," said the writer-turned-prophet. How? "The subtle poisons of secularism . . . opened the path to Marxism," which in turn spawned Lenin, for whom "hatred of God" was "the principal driving force, more fundamental than all his political and economic pretensions." And Lenin's "godlessness" was "the first step to the Gulag." The same fate is likely to befall the West, and in particular the United States, where "atheist teachers . . . are bringing up a younger generation on a spirit of hate for their own society." Not surprisingly, he invokes again and again the authority of Fëdor Dostoevski, a man likewise convinced that "revolution must necessarily begin with atheism." The author of *Ivan Denisovitch* is a disciple of that nineteenth-century writer-preacher who also despised the West, with its worship of freedom ("licentiousness") and who, like Solzhenitzyn, upheld the pieties of Russian Orthodoxy. Dostoevski's espousal of religion, by the way, went hand in hand with a fierce nationalism, hatred for Catholics, and anti-Semitism ("the master of all and of the whole of Europe is the Jew and his bank," etc.). Solzhenitzyn, to be sure, has not embraced the Dostoevskian creed in toto. But it is worth remembering that the road to the Gulag—or Treblinka—can be blazed by those brandishing the icon no less than *Das Kapital*.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "It is the incongruity of the murder of millions, and of one man being accused of it all. It is the incongruity between our conception of life and the bureaucracy of the total state. It is the incongruity between the banality of an Eichmann, and that only such a banal person could effect the destruction of millions. Had he been more of a man, his humanity would have kept him from his evil work; had he been less of a man, he would not have been effective at his job. If Eichmann's trial did not serve justice well, it did something much more important, and this for the living rather than for the dead. It brought the world face to face with those dangers of totalitarianism that it seems all too willing to avoid examining." (Review of Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*—by Bruno Bettelheim, June 15, 1963.)

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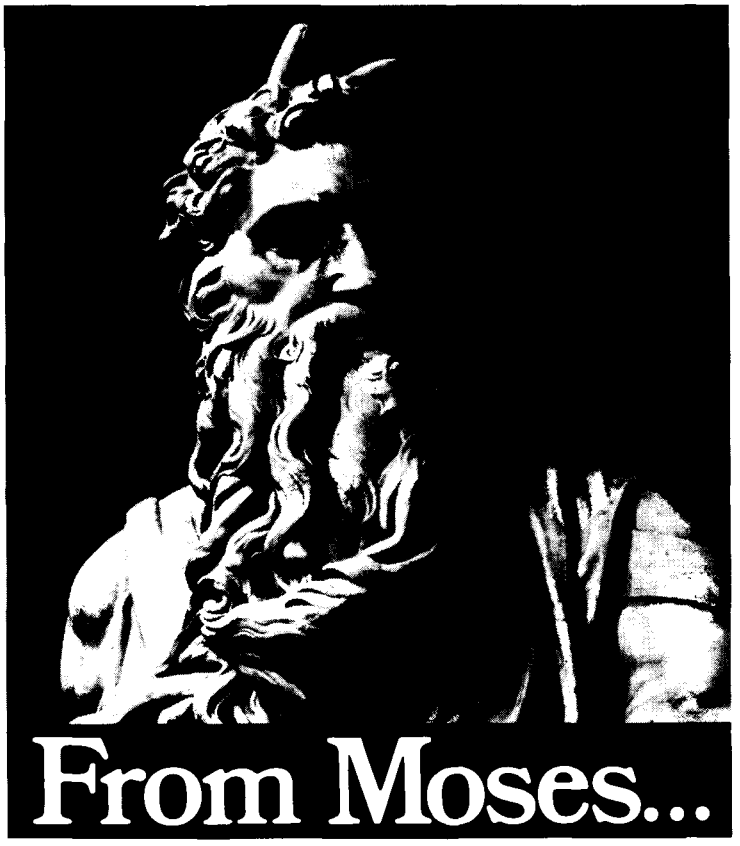
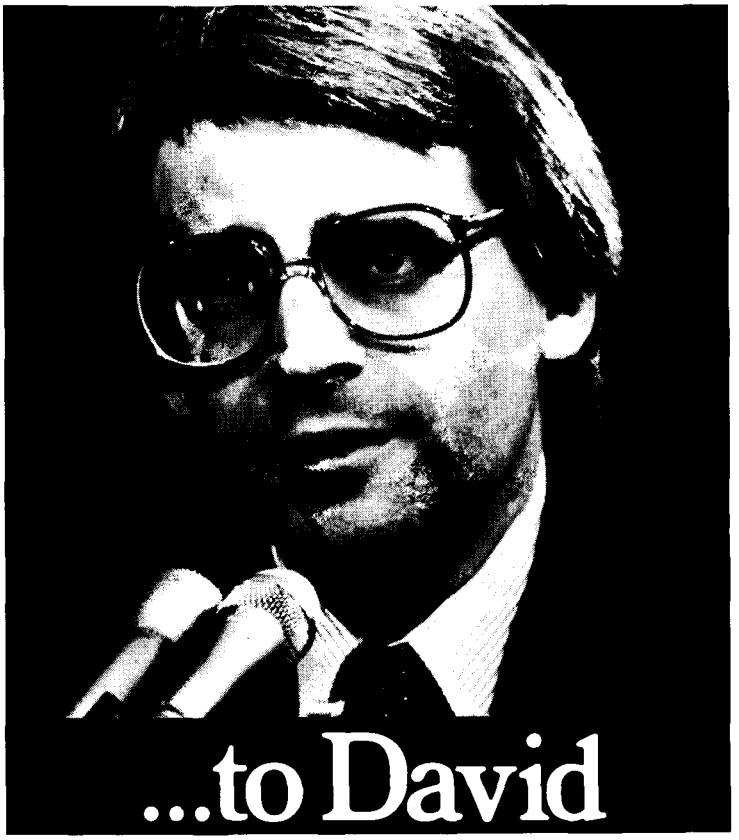


From Moses...



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The torture continues.

INJURED IRAN

Paris

HOSSEIN DADKHAH, a 27-year-old Iranian who recently fled from Tehran to Paris, has one striking physical characteristic: his feet. All ten of his toes look as if they have been charbroiled. They are black with gangrene and deformed, and most of the toenails are missing. There are other scars and wounds running up Hossein's ankles, back, chest, buttocks, and head. Hossein, and dozens of other political prisoners who have escaped from Iran in recent months, present striking evidence which refutes claims that the Ayatollah Khomeini has finally begun to temper the excesses of his Islamic revolution.

The move toward moderation in Iran supposedly began in mid-December 1982, when Khomeini made a speech calling for an end to arrests without proper judicial approval, to arbitrary confiscation of property, and to illegal bugging and spying and invasion of households. Since December, Khomeini has repeated such demands, and some top officials reportedly have been either dismissed or called in for a good talking to. Special teams are supposed to have been set up to tour the country to investigate human rights abuses. (Abuses there have been: estimates of the number executed in Iran since July 1981, when the revolution entered its most radical phase, range between five and twenty-five thousand. As many as fifty thousand more may be held today as political prisoners.)

There was a major exception, however, to the instructions Khomeini issued last December. They were to apply only in cases "other than those involving searching and discovery of counterrevolutionary groups or groups which are dedicated to the destruction of the Islamic Republic." That exception can be made to apply to just about anyone who espouses ideas or beliefs that differ from those propounded by the Khomeini regime. It apparently applies to members of the Bahai faith. The persecution of Bahais appears to be on the increase: according to a recent article in *The New York Times*, in February twenty-two Bahais in Shiraz were sentenced to be executed, and several weeks ago three of them were hanged. The Revolutionary Court of Shiraz announced that "other hypocrites who have religious and satanic gatherings" could expect similar treatment. Thus far it is estimated that about one hundred fifty Bahais have been hanged or shot by the government, and nearly four hundred have been imprisoned.

The exception certainly applies to a young, leftist Islamic group, the Mujahadeen Khalq, who, although they are young and inexperienced, ill equipped to take over the government themselves, are probably still the main Iranian opposition group. The Mujahadeen's ideology is a vague form of "Islamic socialism." Following the revolution, they called for an "Islam of progress" and increasingly attacked Khomeini's "Islam of backwardness." Their newspapers were repeatedly seized. Several of their members were imprisoned, and some were executed. In July 1981, the Mujahadeen went underground, calling for the overthrow of Khomeini's government. Over the next year and a half, they and other revolutionary groups claim to have assassinated more than two thousand of Khomeini's top officials. Khomeini and his revolutionary guards struck back with a vengeance.

Hossein Dadkhah has been a member of the Mujahadeen for a decade, and was part of its underground organization. So was his 17-year-old brother, who was arrested in 1981, held for three months, and then executed. On the day of his brother's funeral, Hossein's 53-year-old father and 49-year-old mother were also picked up. They were released after two months of prison and torture. His 13-year-old brother was arrested around the same time, and has not been heard from since. Last December Hossein's wife and 18-month-old child were seized at their home in the city of Charoude and taken to prison. Hossein, who had been in hiding, was arrested a week later, on December 20, four days after Khomeini's call for moderation.

Hossein says he was beaten with rifle butts until he lost consciousness, then taken to the house that served as the local prison of the revolutionary guard. There he was stretched on his back spread-eagle across a metal table, his wrists and ankles bound to each corner. The guards lashed him with electric cables, and beat him all over his body. What they wanted, they said, were the names of other members of the Mujahadeen.

When Hossein continued to deny any connection with the opposition, his torturers called the local religious judge and asked him what they should do. They were told to continue the beatings. Every time he lost consciousness he was revived with cold water. At midnight he was taken to a small basement room and, still standing, was bound by his hands and feet to the wall.

A special interrogator from Tehran arrived the next day. Hossein says he was blindfolded, and that the interrogator sat on his chest, alternately strangling him and beating him. An assistant wearing a heavy ring hit him about the head, and guards continued to lash his bare feet and body. At one point, his blindfold was removed and he made out the blurred images of two people watching. By the cries of a young child he knew that his wife and infant daughter were being forced to look on.

After two days Hossein was transferred to Evan prison, four hundred miles away, in Tehran. There the torture continued, and he was asked not only to supply information about the Mujahadeen but also to appear on television—as several others have done—to denounce the opposition. After a day of beatings at Evan, Hossein fainted and woke up in the prison dispensary with his hands bound. There, he says, he saw other torture victims, many horribly mutilated. Hossein was placed in a cell with eight other prisoners. Since the cell had been originally built to hold only one person, the prisoners had to sit curled up on the floor and sleep in shifts. One of those in the cell was an air force officer who also belonged to the Mujahadeen.

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There were atrocious tales of torture, of women prisoners being raped prior to execution, of the members of one family being beaten in front of the others.

With Khomeini's public condemnation of revolutionary excesses, the torturers at Evan prison brought a new urgency to their task. According to Hossein, the authorities started to "clean up" the prison, executing inmates in large groups every night. The other prisoners could hear each fusillade through the walls. One night they counted one hundred ten *coups de grâce*. Prisoners were also machine-gunned en masse in an empty swimming pool on the prison grounds, their bodies then trucked off to be buried. Mujahadeen leaders in Paris claim that more than a thousand prisoners were executed in Iran in January alone. Meanwhile, to cut down on the overcrowding at Evan, many inmates were transferred to other prisons. Hossein says that is how he finally managed to escape in February, during a moment of inattention by his guards at Tehran's crowded central railroad station. Over the next few days he managed to make his way east to the Pakistani border, just as tens of thousands of other Iranians have done. Once people along the way realized he was from the opposition, Hossein says, they were eager to help him with money, medicine, and clothes.

Stories such as Hossein's are impossible to verify point by point. The Iranian government writes off such accounts as "terrorist propaganda." But there are too many Iranian exiles in North America and Western Europe with similar tales to tell, many even more chilling. The Iranian government talked earlier this year of admitting a U.N. observer to examine atrocity charges firsthand, but reversed itself after the U.N. Human Rights Commission issued a resolution in February condemning Iran for human rights violations. The opposition speculates that, ironically, the reason for the high number of executions in January was to "sanitize" the prisons for the visit of a U.N. observer.

Still, in the past several weeks there have been some significant changes in the constant jockeying for influence that goes on within the government. The moderates may indeed be making headway. There has been a sharp government crackdown against the Tudeh Party, Iran's Communist Party. It had been collaborating with the Khomeini regime, reportedly even spying for the government on the Mujahadeen and other opposition parties. That unholy alliance has come to an abrupt end. The Tudeh Party has been dissolved, charged, among other things, with spying for the Soviet Union; and more than fifteen hundred of its members have been arrested. Eighteen Soviet diplomats, accused of interfering in Iran's internal affairs, have also been expelled from the country.

The government has canceled a number of radical economic measures, such as a full-scale agrarian reform and a plan to nationalize foreign trade—all in a further bid to restore the confidence of Iran's very shaken business community. And there is reportedly more talk in ruling councils that the days of revolution have passed, that now is the time to set about rebuilding Iran. One important group, the Hojatieh, led by an ayatollah with strong connections to some Iranian businessmen and mullahs, is even suggesting that it is time for the mullahs and ayatollahs to retreat to the mosques and leave the day-to-day business of government to those who can govern. Finally, there are reports that former Premier Mehdi Bazargan may be brought back into a new government coalition.

The question is whether Khomeini, or those who succeed him, will be able to rein in the forces of repression that have been released against people like Hossein Dadkhah. There are many centers of power in Iran today—revolutionary courts and judges, revolutionary guards, local ayatollahs—which have come to believe they are a law unto themselves. Another problem, as the Shah found when he attempted to liberalize his regime in the fall of 1978, is that once a loosening-up process starts it can quickly get dangerously out of control. At the moment, Khomeini does have two things going for him: oil, which keeps the economy staggering along and continues financing the war with Iraq; and the disarray of the opposition itself, the different factions of which spend as much time denouncing themselves as they do Khomeini.

Meanwhile in Paris, the doctors have amputated parts of Hossein Dadkhah's toes. He has had no word of his wife and infant daughter whom he last saw in prison in Iran.

BARRY LANDO

Barry Lando, a producer for CBS's "60 Minutes," is based in Paris.

Aren't they cute?

DIMPLED NEOS

LAST YEAR I appeared on a television program, a kind of debate, with William A. Rusher, publisher of the magazine *National Review*. Mr. Rusher is a self-declared conservative. He is also precise about the definition and use of words. In the course of our meeting, he repeatedly made the point that he and his ideological compatriots are not "neoconservatives," but that they belong rather to the "new right." Since I had made no attempt to categorize Mr. Rusher, I could not quite understand his anxiety about "neoconservatism," and anticipated that possibly he was going to make further distinctions, possibly with respect to "plio-conservatism" or even "mio-conservatism." As it turned out, Mr. Rusher seemed to have some objection to the linguistic impurity of mixing the Greek "neo" with the Latinate "conservative," but this objection was moderate and almost incidental. The serious basis of his distinction was historical. "Neoconservatives," he said, lacked historical purity. The persons so labeled, either by themselves or by others, were former

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"liberals," he said, whereas the persons admitted to his group, the "new right," had always been "right," as distinct both from the "old right," which he did not define but implied might sometimes have been wrong, and from the "neoconservatives," who, in their previous incarnation as liberals, had never been "right." I was eager to let the whole matter pass as a quarrel among the various phyla of "conservatives," but then Mr. Rusher insisted on calling me a "liberal."

I objected, going back to an old contention of mine, that the word "liberal" should never be used as a noun, only as an adjective. Thus one may be a liberal Democrat or a liberal Republican, a liberal Catholic or a liberal Presbyterian, but never a pure "liberal." This was a posture I had taken up in the late 1950s, when "liberal," having just achieved status as a noun, was being festooned with derogatory prefixes. J. Edgar Hoover, in those days, was warning against what he called the "pseudo-liberals," William F. Buckley Jr. was writing about the "illogical-liberals," and others spoke and wrote about the "egghead-liberals," the "crypto-liberals," and so on.

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS following my encounter with Mr. Rusher, I began to notice that the word "liberal" was again being subjected to prefix transplant operations. The crucial term in this process first surfaced in the "liberal" trade press (especially *The Washington Monthly* and THE NEW REPUBLIC), and then was picked up in the "conservative" trade press, beginning with an editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* entitled "The Neo-Libs." The *Journal*'s distinction paralleled one made in an earlier article in *The American Spectator*, in January 1982. That article referred to New York City's Mayor Koch as "once a liberal purist." Obviously the author meant to label Koch as "once a pure liberal," in the old style. Strictly speaking, a "liberal purist" would be a purist who was rather loose in questions of purity, and thus would be too lax to practice what *The American Spectator* article referred to as "undiluted liberalism." In this article Mr. Koch is also called "a liberal with sanity," or, one might say, a "sane liberal," as distinguished from, possibly, an "insane liberal."

Both *The American Spectator* and the *Journal* divided the "neo-liberals" into two classes. One is made up of "traditional liberals" who were once what William Rusher would probably call "the old left" (comparable to the "old right" of his world), but have changed some. Yet they do not want to be called the "new left," as Rusher's associates gladly call themselves the "new right," partly because the old "new left," which scarcely exists anymore, used to be so disdainful of "liberals" of any type, but especially "bourgeois liberals." The other division of "neo-liberals," the Koch type, includes persons such as Senator Tsongas of Massachusetts, who calls himself a "new liberal" and a "revisionist liberal," and Senator Hart of Colorado, who distinguishes himself as a "pragmatic liberal." Both of these wings, I gather, are agreed on one point, namely, that they are different from "unreconstructed liberals."

In the midst of all of these fine tunings, I have concluded that for some time to come the word "liberal" will be useless as a means of political communication and should be allowed to rest, pending rehabilitation.

What has happened to that good word is roughly comparable to what happened to the goat in history. From humble and useful beginnings, as a source of milk and meat, the goat gradually worked its way up through various orders of religious symbolism to the exalted position of scapegoat, bearing the sins of the tribe into the desert, or over the cliff. So, too, "liberal," which began as a modest and useful adjective, became a noun, the equivalent of deification. From there, the goat began a slow decline, and finally lost even its most ardent supporters, who began to question its powers, allowing it to attend only questionable revels. So, too, liberals are now questioning the power of their word. The goat finally became the object of derision, eating garbage, used as the image for lewd old men, and blamed for the loss of baseball games.

The word "liberal" has not fallen quite so low. It can be saved, possibly even restored to good standing. But until it recovers, those who need a covering term might consider the name of a new group, still in the early stages of organization. They are "The Neos"—pure, simple, pristine, unmodified, in no historical or ideological context.

The rules of the new order are simple. First, its members must resist any attempt to attach any modifier, whether prefix or suffix, to the key word, "Neo." Second, they must be willing to cast off fixed ideas, in politics, economics, and the social field generally every seven years. The seven-year period has been chosen for sound reasons. There is strong Biblical support for the number seven. Pagan and Christian civilizations alike have recognized the power of seven. Physiologists say that the chemicals and other physical material of the human body change completely every seven years. Moreover, because seven is a prime number, the "Neos" have a running start on survival. As in the case of the seven-year locust, the likelihood that natural predators will appear in dangerous numbers is scant. Predators with a two-year span would arrive in the second, fourth, and sixth year. Those with a three-year life span would arrive in the third, sixth, and ninth year, either too soon or too late to catch the "Neos" in the act of changing. Those with a four-year span would appear in the fourth and the eighth year, and with a five-year cycle or a six-year cycle miss by two and one years respectively. The "Neos," may propose, because of this principle, one seven-year term for the President of the United States.

The only organized group that has applied for acceptance into the "Neos" is the Pigeon Kicking Society of America, which has only two members, and which has a rule of action, that to remain an active member, one must kick a pigeon once every seven years, or submit proof of a serious effort.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Eugene J. McCarthy is a Washington neologist.

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Controversy over the collection plate.

PLIANT PROTESTANTS

BY JOSHUA MURAVCHIK

AT ITS semiannual meeting in mid-May, the governing board of the National Council of Churches turned down, on second reading, a draft "policy statement on Latin America and the Caribbean." Board members complained that the draft placed disproportionate blame on the United States for the ills of the region, and that it failed to criticize persecution of the church by the governments of Cuba and Grenada at the same time that it criticized similar acts by the region's right-wing dictatorships. Six months before, the first reading of the draft had been approved without controversy.

The board's shift was the most recent sign of disquiet in the ranks of American mainline Protestantism—disquiet created by allegations that the social action programs of the National and World Councils of Churches and their leading affiliated denominations have come to exhibit an attitude of tolerance and even sympathy for the authoritarian left. A week before, the Council of Bishops of the United Methodist Church, the largest affiliate of the N.C.C., had decided to create a special committee to review such allegations. The Methodist bishops acted in spite of an impassioned plea from one of their number, James Armstrong, that there be no investigation. Bishop Armstrong happens also to be president of the N.C.C.

Earlier still, in April, the *United Methodist Reporter*, the nation's largest circulation Protestant newspaper, published the results of what it called "the most exhaustive investigation in the *Reporter*'s 136-year history." The paper's main finding was this: "The 'leftist tilt' of which the N.C.C. has so often been accused by critics, and which its defenders have so often denied, was shown by the *Reporter*'s analysis of the N.C.C.'s own statements and actions to be undeniably real." Taken together, these developments suggest that an issue that had previously animated only a few gadflies—such as the group of dissident church members who in 1981 founded the Institute on Religion and Democracy—was beginning to concern the church establishment itself.

The main catalyst for this important change was an exposé that appeared where few would have expected it—on CBS's popular "60 Minutes" program. In a rare double segment featuring Morley Safer, a reporter who made his mark as a groundbreaking critic of the war in Vietnam, "60 Minutes" investigated the financial support given by Protestant churches to what Safer called "causes that seem closer to the Soviet-Cuban view of the world" than to the views of the millions of American churchgoers who provide the funds. The show has provoked a large volume of mail to CBS, scores of news stories in the major press, even more in the religious press, and several complaints to the Federal Communications Commission demanding response time.

John Wicklein, associate director of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, wrote in *Christianity and Crisis* that Morley Safer "triggered in my mind the image of Senator McCarthy." The *Christian Century* accused CBS of "distortions, innuendos and half-truths." One headline in the *United Methodist Reporter* warned: NEW 'MCCARTHYISM' ERA POSSIBLE.

The uproar is hardly surprising, for in openly posing questions about the relation of the churches to Communist causes, "60 Minutes" set foot on some of the most forbidden ground of American journalism. This taboo is part of the legacy of Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose abusive investigations of real and imagined domestic Communists left many Americans convinced that any raising of "the Communist issue," even if by journalists rather than congressional committees, carries the risk of lifting the lid off a dangerous box. The taboo was reinforced by retrospective uneasiness over the performance of the press during the McCarthy years. CBS's willingness to violate this taboo may itself be as important as the issues that the "60 Minutes" broadcast raised, and makes it worth examining whether "60 Minutes" was in fact guilty of McCarthyism.

If that term is used as nothing more than a synonym for anticommunism or for any inquiry about support for Communist causes, then of course CBS is guilty. But if it is taken to designate a constellation of intellectually illegitimate tactics that led to McCarthy's censure by the Senate and his repudiation even by staunch anti-Communists, then the case against CBS has little to sustain it.

The National Council of Churches has charged that the program relied heavily on "guilt by association," but has cited only a single example: Morley Safer's description of church links to two organizations, the Washington Office

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on Latin America (WOLA) and the Committee in Support of the People of El Salvador (CISPES), both of which were involved in circulating a supposedly leaked internal State Department "dissent paper" about El Salvador. Safer reported that this paper was subsequently identified by the F.B.I. as a forgery that has previously been peddled in Central America by the K.G.B.

In this instance, CBS may fairly be faulted for failing to make clear what it thought the incident implied. Did it believe that WOLA and CISPES were witting collaborators in the hoax? Or that it was their political stance which led the K.G.B. to use them? If so, what should be inferred? A genuine issue is why churches are involved at all in CISPES, which describes itself as a group formed "to support the legitimate struggle . . . led by the F.D.R.-F.M.L.N.," the Communist-led guerrilla forces in El Salvador. Another is why WOLA, a church-based group concerned with human rights in Latin America, has found so little to say in public about Cuba. The incident of the forgery is an intriguing side issue which would make a good "60 Minutes" segment in itself, but it would have been better left out of the program on the churches.

THE CHURCHES have also accused CBS of resorting to "innuendo." They point to a sequence in which CBS asks, "What if some of that money [the screen shows a collection plate being passed in a U.S. church] is doing this man's work? [the screen shows Fidel Castro] or these people's?" [the screen shows a parade in Red Square]. The National Council protested that "the unwarranted use of pictures of Fidel Castro and marchers in Red Square, completely unrelated to any facts presented, evokes emotional responses that linger with the viewer even though *the N.C.C. in no way supports these governments.*" (Emphasis in original.) It is hard to know what is meant by the elusive phrase "supports these governments," but the images on the screen were not "completely unrelated to any facts presented."

Morley Safer reported in some detail about contributions from the churches that have gone to support such groups as the unself-consciously Castroite Cuba Resource Center and the romantically "anti-imperialist" North American Congress on Latin America, to underwrite apologias for the revolutionary leftist dictatorship of Grenada, and to help finance the largely Cuban-run literacy campaign in Nicaragua.

The substance of Safer's critique was confirmed by the *United Methodist Reporter*'s investigation, which found that:

> . . Cuba is one of the worst [countries] in the region in measuring up to N.C.C.'s own human rights standards, according to reports from Amnesty International and Freedom House.
>
> Yet, the N.C.C. has been virtually silent about them and has distributed volumes of literature and initiated myriad actions that have been almost entirely laudatory of Cuba.

The churches may, however, have a valid complaint about CBS's report on their financial support for the Nicaraguan literacy campaign. As the N.C.C. has pointed out, CBS failed to mention that outside funds for the literacy campaign also came from the U.S. Agency for International Development. But A.I.D. requested that its funds not be used to support the Cuban teachers, while the N.C.C. made no similar restriction. Indeed, one church body, the United Methodists, announced plans to earmark some funds specifically for the Cuban teachers.

IF CBS was guilty of no innuendo when it flashed Castro's picture, what about the use of footage of Red Square? Did CBS present any evidence of a church connection to causes sponsored by Moscow? The evidence was less extensive than for church support of Castroite causes. The main item was presented this way by Morley Safer:

> The Conference in Solidarity with the Liberation Struggles of Southern Africa, in New York, was funded and organized by the United Methodists. But when it took place, according to F.B.I. documents, it was run by the U.S. Communist Party and was entirely manipulated by the Soviet Union. The only Methodist official on the platform was the one who gave the invocation.

Another item presented by Safer—his interview of Dr. Phillip Potter, general secretary of the World Council of Churches—is relevant to the allegation of sympathy for Soviet causes. Safer questioned Potter about pronouncements on human rights in Australia made by a member of a W.C.C. delegation who was, as Safer put it, "an East German whose entire nation is enclosed by barbed wire." To Safer's evident surprise, Potter said that the reference to "the barbed wire is rather strange." Then he added: "the barbed wire question is a bit much . . . there is a problem, but don't call it barbed wire." Potter's caution about East Germany was all the more surprising coming from a man who had already shown himself to be one who does not shrink from strong words. Only a moment earlier in the interview he had defended the use of the word "genocide" to characterize Australia's treatment of the Aborigines.

In addition to charges that "60 Minutes" used innuendo and guilt by association, there are two principal points on which the program is accused of having made unsupported charges. Early in the broadcast, Safer said that Midwestern Methodists would be surprised to learn that their Sunday offerings might end up paying "the price of a brand-new Soviet assault rifle." Safer was referring to grants that have been given by the World Council of Churches to the Patriotic Front in Zimbabwe.

The World Council's defenders say that the Patriotic Front requested these grants for humanitarian purposes, not for guns, and that there is no evidence that the funds were used for anything other than their stated purpose. This is true, and CBS was therefore wrong to exploit this accusation for dramatic effect. There is no evidence either way about how this money was used, as the W.C.C. itself ensured when it made the grants in cash rather than in

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kind. The W.C.C. points out that grants to the Patriotic Front came only from a "special fund," none of which, according to Nancy B. Clark, the W.C.C.'s New York spokesperson, came from U.S. churches. She added that the W.C.C.'s policy is not to disclose where these earmarked contributions did come from.

THE DRAMATIC EFFECT of CBS's reference to assault rifles was augmented by the use of a "logo" between breaks in the program, showing a cross, a rifle, and a collection plate. The N.C.C. protests that "Not a shred of evidence was presented that church offerings support armed revolution—nor can it be." The truth of this response depends on what is meant by "support." There are examples of church publications that offer verbal support for armed revolution. For example, a pamphlet aimed at young people published and distributed in Latin America by an N.C.C.-financed group shows three Kalashnikov-toting guerrillas, and offers this caption: "God does not act solely through Christians. God is present in the liberating action of men and women who do not consider themselves to be Christians. . . ." This points to the main issue—support for violent revolutionaries and, even less excusably, for regimes that rest on violence.

The second point on which "60 Minutes" is accused of making an unsubstantiated accusation was in having (twice) aired the assertion by Richard Neuhaus, a Lutheran theologian, that the church is "telling lies."

Neuhaus's statement has become the basis for an equal-time complaint filed with the F.C.C. by five denominations. What Neuhaus said was this: "What worries me most—indeed, outrages me most—is when the church starts telling lies . . . about countries where people are being imprisoned and tortured and slaughtered, as in Indochina, for example, after the American withdrawal. And we paint a rosy picture of this and pretend it isn't happening."

Neuhaus was talking about the least defensible aspect of the churches' political activities: their inclination to step forth as apologists for tyranny by left-wing governments. The churches say that his words constitute a personal attack on church leaders, accusing them of telling lies in the most literal sense. They argue as well that the issue is not what Neuhaus meant, but how most viewers would have taken his words. Neuhaus responds that he "was stating the general proposition that when Christian leaders deny or belittle the persecution of fellow Christians . . . they then are responsible for corrupting Christian witness."

"60 Minutes" reported that "$2 million from the World Council went to buy heavy equipment and materials for new economic zones in Vietnam. Critics claim new economic zones are little more than forced labor camps." The churches' equal time request addressed to CBS takes issue with this characterization. It says: "The new economic zones are agricultural resettlement projects in which families who apply for the privilege are granted their own homestead lands in return for working in common fields." In contrast, the State Department's human rights report says this about the zones:

> Hundreds of thousands have already been resettled, frequently through application of coercion or force . . . those Southern Vietnamese in particular who are targeted for resettlement are persons whose views and backgrounds make them suspect in the regime's view. Conditions at these 'New Economic Zones' are widely reported to range from poor to life-threatening. . . .

N.C.C. officials have also defended Vietnam's "reeducation camps," where conditions are far worse than in the new economic zones. In 1977 the executive director of the N.C.C.'s Church World Service, Paul McCleary, and its director for Southern Asia, Margaret Meinertz, testified at a congressional hearing on "Human Rights in Vietnam." Their role was to counterbalance two Vietnamese witnesses who had described torture and executions in the reeducation camps. McCleary and Meinertz described their own visit to a reeducation camp in idyllic terms. ("Small touches, flowers in a vase made of a printed can, caught my eye," etc.), concluding that "the entire process of reeducation is one reflecting the government's commitment to encouraging and enabling people to exercise their rights." And they went out of their way to convince skeptical listeners that what they were reporting on was no "model camp" of the type that Communist and Fascist governments have often built for the express purpose of fooling foreign visitors. "Clearly our host committee had not known what to expect of this visit [to the camp] any more than we," they testified.

WHEN JOAN BAEZ, SANE, the Berrigan brothers, and other veterans of the antiwar movement went public with protests against human rights violations in postwar Vietnam, Corliss Lamont, the old stalwart of the National Council on American-Soviet Friendship, organized a response to "the allegation that the Vietnamese government is guilty of human rights abuses." Declared Lamont et al.: "We have examined these charges and find them to be based on distortion and exaggeration." The small number of signers Lamont was able to enlist included United Methodist Bishop James Armstrong, now president of the National Council of Churches, and Paul McCleary of the Church World Service.

Bishop Armstrong helped issue a similar writ of exoneration, this one to Cuba, in 1977. He and six other church leaders returned from a visit to Cuba and issued a statement describing it as "a nation in which widespread benefits of social justice are manifest," with a government "dedicated to elemental rights for all of its people." The statement continued, "Many of our fellow citizens seek to fault or dismiss the Cuban experiment by charging that human rights are abrogated and that there are 'political prisoners.' " But, the statement said, "there is a significant difference between situations where people are imprisoned for opposing regimes designed to perpetuate inequities (as in Chile and Brazil, for example) and situa-

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tions where people are imprisoned for opposing regimes designed to remove inequities (as in Cuba)."

Today there are signs that the process of excuse-making has begun anew with regard to Nicaragua. The February 1983 issue of the United Methodist monthly magazine, *Engage/Social Action*, carried a report on a recent visit to Nicaragua by Guillermo Chavez, director of the Department of Political and Human Rights of the United Methodist Board of Church and Society. Chavez reports that "Contrary to what the media and certain sectors of American society would like us to believe, the attitudes and actions of the Nicaraguan people demonstrated to me . . . the ideal which, I believe, needs to be reaffirmed and received in this country."

When asked in an interview about specific human rights problems in Nicaragua, Chavez said, "the people who scream about human rights are the upper-middle class, the private investors."

Though CBS erred in its overemphasis on guns, in failing to mention other supporters of the Nicaraguan literacy campaign, and in the way it introduced the incident of the forged "dissent paper," it is on the whole innocent of the charge of "McCarthyism." Indeed, "60 Minutes" might have made an even stronger case had it not chosen to limit its investigation to grants to outside groups given by the churches. For the same attitudes that lead church groups to donate funds to the likes of the Cuba Resource Center, the North American Congress on Latin America, and Vietnam's "new economic zones" also infuse the N.C.C.'s own programs and publications.

The National Council's in-house Friendship Press produces a blizzard of books, films, pamphlets, cassettes, and other materials. One book praises the Peoples Republic of China as a society based on "fundamental justice" and adds that "one could wish that in Western societies some such commitment to justice might be as evident." Another explains that Cuba is the only society in Latin America that has "focused national priorities on the needs of the people instead of those of multinational corporations." How many church meetings use these study guides is anybody's guess.

THE MOST EXPLICIT support for Communist regimes comes in the Friendship Press's series of study guides on "People and Systems." The "Leaders Guide" explains the purpose of the series: "North Americans face problems in our basic social systems. Looking at how three very different societies deal with similar problems will provide fresh perspectives and potential solutions to our problems." The three other systems studied are Cuba, China, and Tanzania.

The pamphlet on the United States begins with this: "For several decades, bad news has been piling up on the educational front in the United States," and continues in that vein. In happy contrast the pamphlet on Cuba explains:

> Permeating Cuban educational practice is the concept that a new type of society will develop a new type of human being, who is cultured, self-confident and self-disciplined, regards work as the creative center of life and is bound to others by solidarity, comradeship and love. . . .
>
> Today, such people are just appearing on the horizon . . . a new consciousness [is] being developed . . . through the tutoring of the island's head teacher, Fidel Castro. . . .

The same slavish adulation of Communist rulers is expressed in the pamphlet on China, but with slightly comic effect due to the exigencies of Chinese factional politics. The pamphlet explains that "there are two roads in education in China . . . some very powerful people have supported the capitalist road." Fortunately "they were losing to the large masses of people who supported the Socialist road." Nonetheless, all is not perfect: "Although elitism has suffered a serious blow, it is not yet dead, and the current campaign to combat Lin Biao and Confucius shows its tenacity."

IT IS DOUBTFUL that many church study groups were inspired by this to seek to enrich local school curricula by adding criticism of Lin Biao, but there is no way to gauge the overall impact of these publications, or of the educational and advocacy activities of the churches. Despite their vast membership, the churches do not have vast political "clout." They neither endorse candidates, nor operate PACs. What lobbying they do often seems amateurish by comparison to some of the special interests. But they may have a great deal of influence on the ideas and values of electorates and leaders. This is why the "60 Minutes" examination of the churches is so important, and another reason why the charge of McCarthyism is so out of place. At issue is not anybody's loyalty or qualification for government service, the questions around which McCarthyism revolved. At issue are the merits of the foreign policy positions advocated by the mainline Protestant church establishment. To weigh this question, it is instructive to know that much of this establishment has looked into the face of the cruelties of Castro and Le Duan and come away smiling or muttering excuses. This shows a critical failure either of values or perceptions. Yet this important piece of information has been hard to learn, because for most of the press the very issue of sympathy for Communist governments or Communist causes on the part of anybody except the proclaimed leaders of the Communist Party has been unmentionable.

By breaking this taboo CBS has done a service, not least for the churches themselves. The recent actions of the Methodist bishops and the N.C.C. governing board suggest that the church establishment is now moving toward the kind of reevaluation that may well lead to beneficial reforms. *The United Methodist Reporter* has expressed hope that "the present high degree of public interest stimulated by the public media reports provides the N.C.C. and 'mainline' church leaders with an unparalleled opportunity to take the steps necessary for God to turn a crucifixion experience into a resurrection experience." Whatever the outcome, we're all better off for having this issue out in the open.

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He is bold, cold, and heavily armed. He may be dangerous.

THE ANDROPOV FACTOR

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

THEY ARE STILL counting early returns from the East, and only a few precincts have reported from the West. The computers are mum, the pundits are saying it's too soon to tell, and the final result may never come in at all. Nevertheless, after six months of preliminary tabulation, it is not too soon for a projection, or at least a hypothesis: Yuri Andropov is a bold, supremely confident, high-stakes player, prepared to take a chance. Since he comes heavily armed, that makes him, if not wild and crazy, at least a scary guy. His trademark is a willingness to ratchet up the level of risk in a crisis, confident that he can either win or withdraw unharmed. With him, not Brezhnev, in charge of the Soviet Union, the world will be a more dangerous place.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Start with a look at the four most active East-West border wars: Cambodia, Afghanistan, Lebanon, and Central America. In all of them, since Andropov's accession to power in November 1982, the Soviet side has turned up the heat.

In Cambodia, the Soviets' Vietnamese client has massed troops at the Thai border, launched a ruthless offensive against resistance forces and refugees (see "The New Indochina War," by Al Santoli, TNR, May 30), and repeatedly attacked across the Thai border. As a result, Vietnam has engaged Thai border patrols, inflicted casualties, and provoked counterattacks by the Thai Army and Air Force.

In Afghanistan, Andropov's initial two-track policy of negotiation and military confrontation seems to have lost one of its tracks. Early overtures to Pakistan's President Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq, hinting at a softening of the Soviet negotiating position, have turned out to be ephemeral. In December *Pravda* restated the Soviet Union's familiar maximalist position: full recognition of the puppet government in Kabul and the effective surrender of the nationalist guerrillas. This summer the Russians carried out massive carpet bombings, the heaviest of the war, in the strategic Shomali region north of Kabul. The result was thousands of new refugees streaming into Kabul and a message to the rebels that despite continuing losses and occasional setbacks the Soviets are prepared to pursue relentlessly a policy of military escalation.

Meanwhile, back in the Middle East, the Soviet Union was busy scattering a few burning embers on the tinderbox that is Lebanon. Trying to frighten Lebanon out of signing an American-backed withdrawal agreement with Israel, the Soviets turned tension into crisis. First they spread rumors that Israeli forces were massing for an attack on Syria. Then they ordered the ostentatious and premature evacuation of dependents from Beirut, a move meant to reinforce the expectation of imminent war, and expressed full support for Syrian threats against Lebanon for signing the Israeli agreement. The Soviets know that it would not take much to set off even an unintended war between armies as bitterly opposed, heavily armed, and closely arrayed as Israel's and Syria's. In May 1967 similar Soviet rumors of impending Israeli attack on Syria triggered a series of events that led directly to the Six Day War. What makes this case of Soviet rumormongering, panic-sowing, and sabre-rattling so remarkable is the size of the potential gain: all that risk just to prevent the signing of an agreement which could be (and is being) scuttled just as easily by simple inaction, Syria's refusal to withdraw.

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What distinguishes Andropov's Soviet foreign policy thus far is not his ambition or aggressiveness, but the degree to which he is willing to tolerate high levels of risk for relatively little gain, and the degree to which he is prepared to tolerate (and discount) any counteraction from his adversaries. A stunning example was the almost casual suggestion made by Vadim Zagladin, a high official of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, that Moscow might place nuclear missiles in Nicaragua as a response to the planned deployment of American Euromissiles. The idea raised an alarm in the United States. It may be hard to mobilize Americans to stop guerrillas armed with leftist slogans and AK-47s from overthrowing Americo-trophic Latin American juntas, but nothing is surer to produce an American consensus than a threat to put missiles in America's backyard. After initial expressions of open-mindedness about the idea, Nicaragua prudently declined the offer. The Russians, however, lost nothing; in fact, they succeeded in planting the seeds of a new Western fear about Euromissiles.

Other Soviet-backed "border" actions have elicited counteraction. After Vietnamese troops attacked across the Thai frontier, the United States rushed military supplies to Thailand, and China shelled the Vietnam border, its usual response to Vietnamese misbehavior. (Even the foreign minister of Australia was moved to jump into the fray with the somewhat tame suggestion of an Australian and perhaps Japanese peacekeeping force on the Cambodian-Thai frontier.)

Soviet actions in Syria were even more provocative. Not only did they threaten war with a close American ally, but the historically unique forward deployment in Syria of Soviet-manned SA-5 missiles represented a direct, ground-based threat to the Sixth Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger responded sternly by warning the Soviets that any aggression in the area would be met by "retaliatory force," a threat made particulary credible by the fact that Israel can be counted on to carry it out.

THEN THERE ARE the petty provocations against friendly nations like Sweden. The affinity of Soviet submarines for Swedish (and Norwegian) territorial waters has succeeded in rousing the Swedes, whose equanimous neutrality dating from World War II is legendary. They recently announced that the next submarine intruder will not be shooed out but blown out of Swedish waters. Within days of the threat, Sweden reported new sightings.

It might be argued that Andropov's foreign policy is not very different from Brezhnev's. After all, the boldest projection of Soviet power took place under Brezhnev, beginning with Angola and reaching its climax with the invasions of Cambodia and Afghanistan in 1979. But it is not only the action that defines risk; it is also the context. These moves occurred in a climate that almost guaranteed that they would be risk free. With the cutoff of American aid to the Savimbi faction in Angola in 1975, the United States made it very clear that after Vietnam it was not prepared to risk any intervention in the name of containment. Brezhnev's actions were certainly aggressive and expansionist, but with America on the sidelines the risks were only regional, not global. President Carter's sanctions against the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan marked the end of this period of almost total American withdrawal. The Iranian hostage humiliation helped consolidate a national consensus for a more assertive foreign policy, and the election of a strongly anti-Communist President institutionalized that change. An action by Andropov in 1983 might be far more risky than an identical action by Brezhnev, say, five years ago. It is one thing to breach the status quo when the United States is struggling to banish "an inordinate fear of communism." It is quite another to do the same when the President directs American attention to the "focus of evil" in the Kremlin. As the Sovietologist Dimitri Simes put it, "while Andropov's policy retains a basic continuity in substance" with Brezhnev's, it is characterized by "a ruthless flexibility at the operational level."

It is at the operational level, unfortunately, that we all live. Perhaps we should not be surprised that Andropov's policy should turn out to be so risky and provocative. He is, after all, the man who took out a contract on the Pope. At least that is what the Pope thinks, and what the available evidence strongly suggests. Ali Acga was most likely acting on behalf of Bulgarian intelligence, which is a branch office of the K.G.B., which was then headed by Yuri Andropov. Even the Bulgarians, for whom umbrella murders on the streets of London are fairly routine, would consider shooting the Pope a big deal. It is unimaginable that they would have arranged it without direction from Moscow. (Again, high risk and little gain, for even at the height of Solidarity's strength, a successful assassination would most likely have only marginally affected the course of events in Poland.)

ANDROPOV'S REPUTATION for ruthlessness precedes him. Consider what little we know about his career before he became Party chairman. He began as a Party apparatchik in the Karelo-Finnish Republic, where he helped the Stalin-installed leader, Otto Kuusinen, to deport thousands of Finns and Karels to labor camps and death. As ambassador to Hungary in 1956, he convinced Imre Nagy to leave Budapest under the promise of safe conduct, a trap which led to Nagy's execution. And as head of the K.G.B., he conducted a ruthless and largely successful campaign to destroy what little organizational structure Soviet dissent had. He was also the first to introduce on a mass scale the use of psychiatric hospitalization to control dissent. In 1977 this practice was condemned by the World Psychiatric Association, and this year Western psychiatrists were considering new sanctions against the Soviet Union, including possible expulsion from the World Psychiatric Association. In an unprecedented move shortly after Andropov came to power, the Soviets simply withdrew from the W.P.A. A minor incident, but, as Dr.

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Walter Reich, the foremost Western scholar of Soviet psychiatry, has suggested, "perhaps the first major statement on human rights to be sent to the West since Andropov came to power," a statement of disdain, and unconcern with even appearances.

THERE ARE OTHER SIGNALS, too. Jewish emigration has been almost completely halted. And a weather vane of Soviet attention to Western concern for human rights, its treatment of Andrei Sakharov, has shown another turn. After refusing exile for many years, Sakharov recently indicated that he was prepared to leave Russia to accept a position at the University of Vienna. A few days later, the Soviet government, which for years had been anxious to get rid of Sakharov, indicated that because of national security reasons, he would not be allowed to leave the country.

When Richard Nixon was President, the United States enjoyed the benefits of the Nixon factor: a reputation for unpredictability, and even craziness, that made adversaries hesitate before taking actions that they might otherwise contemplate. The Soviet Union is now acquiring its own version, the Andropov factor: a willingness to risk and provoke that will make its adversaries think twice. But the factor derives from more than just the personality and history of one man. For one thing, Andropov has not yet consolidated power. There is an element of power sharing, particularly in foreign policy (involving veterans like the defense minister, Dmitri Ustinov, and the newly appointed first deputy premier, Andrei Gromyko). A "great-man" theory of this new phase of Soviet foreign policy is inadequate. There are other forces at work here.

One of these is institutional. The elevation of the K.G.B. chief, any K.G.B. chief, to Party Secretary is a sign that the K.G.B.-military-foreign policy establishment has advanced its position, and perhaps, as some believe, achieved a decisive advantage over the Party apparatus (whose champion, Konstantin Chernenko, was defeated by Andropov in the struggle for the Party chairmanship) in the conduct of Soviet policy. In this respect, the Kremlin is following a trend toward Eastern bloc military communism begun by the Jaruzelski regime in Poland.

The other factor is probably the most important of all. It derives from the radical increase in Soviet global power over the last two decades. There is nothing particularly new about current Soviet objectives. They derive, as always, from a peculiar wedding of traditional Russian defensiveness with Communist universalism, whose issue is the quite sincere belief that the encircling capitalist powers (and their vital interests) represent a threat to the very existence of the Soviet world, and therefore are the legitimate object of "defensive" attack. That is not new. What is new is the acquisition of vastly improved means for carrying out these ends. A fifteen-year military buildup; important Third World bases, like Cuba, Vietnam, and soon Afghanistan, from which to project Soviet power; a European public seeking equidistance between the two superpowers; and, finally, an America, though no longer in complete withdrawal, still a far cry from J.F.K.'s bear-any-burden posture—all these have resulted in a drastic transformation of what the Soviets like to call "the correlation of forces." As Adam Ulam writes, "with the worldwide configuration of forces much more in their favor than it had been in 1972, it was probably genuinely incomprehensible to the Soviet leaders that anyone could expect them to abide by the same obligations and cautions they had pledged to observe" at the height of Brezhnev's détente. Even without an ex-K.G.B. heavy, it is hard to imagine any nonsenile Soviet leader who would not press such obvious advantages.

WHEN RONALD REAGAN came to power, there was a school of American hawks, including Paul Nitze, who argued that the United States had weakened itself so radically in the 1970s that it was in no position to exercise anything but a cautious and accommodating foreign policy until it rebuilt its strength. The Soviet Union is now in a reverse position, having achieved vis-à-vis the United States, strategic parity, conventional advantage, and psychological initiative. One would expect "objective factors" alone to produce a more provocative and adventuresome foreign policy.

And yet like all good Marxists, Andropov will give history a push. Seweryn Bialer recently wrote that at the beginning of Andropov's tenure we should expect a "generally defensive and rather benign direction" in Soviet policy, "low-cost gestures of reconciliation toward the United States, for example the release of Sakharov from his exile," a "peace offensive" on Euromissiles (this has occurred), and "a low-profile Soviet foreign policy concerning regional danger spots where a Soviet-American confrontation is most likely, for example in the Middle East and the Persian Gulf. One may expect that the phase of retrenchment rather than expansion will continue for a while until Andropov's leadership is consolidated. . . ."

In fact, the opposite has been the case. Andropov has adopted a high-risk profile, even while trying to consolidate his position and weed out rivals from among Brezhnev's protégés.

The Andropov hypothesis has one corollary: if a leader is willing to take risks early in his tenure, he will be even more willing to take them after he has achieved full power. And that should happen by the time the Euromissile crisis comes to a head at the end of this year. The Soviets see the Euromissile problem as the Cuban missile crisis in reverse. They believe the tables have been turned, geographically, militarily, and psychologically. On this issue, Andropov has been at his most ruthlessly flexible, dangling sticks and carrots before the European public, trying to woo it away from the United States while threatening vague retaliation if the missile deployment takes place. It is not hard to understand the waves of apprehension now sweeping Europe: it faces a power that feels it need no longer blink, and a leader who has never had much practice. The Andropov factor has only begun its work.

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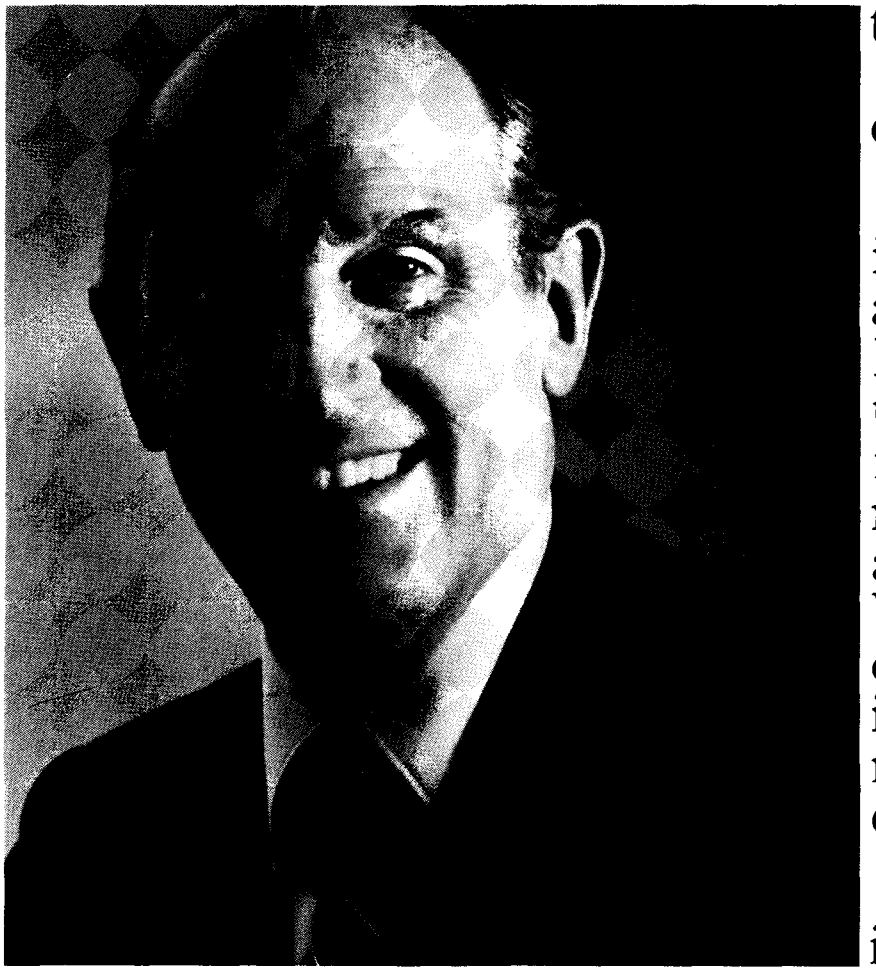

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Out of Breath Again

Breathless has, in a sense, come home. The new American version reminds us of how much the original owed to America.

Godard's now-celebrated film (TNR, February 13, 1961) was a young postwar European's reaction to postwar Europe, but it used American culture as symbol

Breathless
(Orion Pictures)

of freedom and source of vocabulary. Godard dedicated his film to Monogram Pictures, a Hollywood studio of the 1930s and 1940s that produced low-budget crime flicks. His heroine was an American who sold *The New York Herald Tribune* in Paris. The most prominently quoted author was Faulkner. The hero's idol was Humphrey Bogart. The film's structure (idea by Truffaut, script by Godard, technical counsel by Chabrol) was an idiosyncratic version of an American chase thriller. (The French title, *A bout de souffle*, translates more accurately as *Out of Breath*.)

Anarchies age quickly in the world of art. In the years immediately following its appearance, *Breathless* fractured acceptances about editing, composition, plotting, "sympathy." It would be false to say that its influence has disappeared: it has simply been absorbed into new orthodoxy. By 1974, which in France was much more post-1968 than postwar, Bertrand Blier's *Going Places* mocked *Breathless*, mocked its insistence on retaining a normative character (the girl) to show what a good life might be, and began its mockery with its very first sequence. The publicity about *Breathless* had boasted that Godard was so revolutionary that he pushed his cinematographer around in a supermarket shopping cart for tracking shots in serious moments; *Going Places* opened with one of the two leading young men pushing a cart with the other fellow in it as they tried to catch a woman and pinch her rear.

Well, that anarchy aged, too. Now *Breathless* has been remade in the country that was one of its spiritual parents; and now it restores the normative character at the same time that it seeks a 1980s American equivalent for the unrest in the Godard film that was bred out of 1940s America by 1950s France. The new *Breathless* was directed by Jim McBride; the script, derived from the French original, is by McBride and L. M. Kit Carson. They have both been well-regarded "independent" film figures since 1970 when McBride directed the memorable *David Holzman's Diary*, which Carson wrote and in which he played the lead. At last they have entered the big-budget world and, I'm glad to say, with very considerable success.

Is their *Breathless* as good as Godard's? Of course not. How could it be? Godard's film marked the appearance of one of the strongest original forces in the history of film; how could a film derived from it possibly be equally original? But that's a long way from saying that the derived film has no value. It has plenty; and just because it's as good as it is, some comparisons with Godard's film help to establish its individuality and its worth.

Stylistically, McBride makes the distinction quite easy. Except for a lot of Godardian exteriors—wide long-shots of walls covered with posters or murals past which characters move as across a stage—the new *Breathless* has virtually no stylistic resemblance to the old, no jump cuts, much smooth and adroit tracking, many closeups, lush color. Godard's style was both new and apt; McBride's style is not new but is apt. Godard's black-and-white style reflected the nervous spareness of a shaken France and of French film emerging from Vichy "official" film style. McBride's style is an equally fitting reflection of place and time: his film sops up stylistically the gas-ripened richness of consumption-crazy America.

McBride's independence continues with the hero's character. Godard's Michel was the nonintellectual scion of Sartre and Camus. The American hero, Jesse, is, figuratively, a rock singer without a voice. His kinetic patterns look as if he were wearing an invisible walkman set, listening to the Jerry Lee Lewis whom he adores. His ideal in behavior is to be free-spending, casual, to suggest the illicit in a manner that expects acceptance, to dismiss panting women cavalierly, to be in love fiercely and imperiously when he chooses. (I don't suggest that this is the behavior of Lewis or other singers: this is what Jesse has distilled from their public manner.) Godard's Michel has not much image of himself except in his attempts to mimic Bogart; Jesse *sees* himself the whole time, as in a portable mirror.

All this analysis could end right here if the role were not fulfilled. Richard Gere is, in two ways, sensational. He creates a Jesse who lives by and for sensation, like an infant with strength and gonads; and—second meaning—his effect is sensational. Gere fills every crevice of Jesse's being with energy and solipsist appetite. He is a well-estab-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Betrayal. Impeccable directing, acting, editing give added weight to one of Pinter's lesser plays, make it seem almost inseparable from the film medium.

The Draughtsman's Contract. Possibly the only Restoration film script, much more than merely unique. Peter Greenaway's writing and direction reveal the cruelty under the dazzling elegance.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. If this isn't the meaning of life, what on earth is? Six of the wittiest men alive, as amusing and perceptive as ever and a good deal more disturbing than before.

Tender Mercies. Robert Duvall is perfect in Horton Foote's understated theological allegory about a Texas singer-composer who hits the alcoholic skids and comes back just as far as he wants to. The film's quietness echoes.

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lished star by now, but here he returns to a manner he used early in his film career. In some of his films, like *Yanks*, *American Gigolo*, and *An Officer and a Gentleman*, his powers were coated with a veneer of Mr. Nice Guy. *Breathless* gives us the Gere who was seen, relatively briefly, with knife and strobe light in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.

Sex, italicized by frontal nudity, is basic to what he does here, but it's not all. Gere charges the screen with frustration and with simplistic dreams of perfection. For Godard's hero, the dream was virtually single—the Bogart icon. For Jesse, it's double; and Gere makes both parts equally affecting. There's the Jerry Lee Lewis itch and drive; and there's a (literal) comic-book idealism. For Jesse, the paragon is the Silver Surfer, a "super" character from outer space who tries to save the earth by bringing it the message of love. The florid dialogue that Gere reads aloud is clearly his gospel; and his rationale, apparently, is that since the world doesn't hear the right message, he's going to have a good time at the stupid world's expense.

THE GIRL on whom he is fixated, in what he calls love, is a French architecture student at U.C.L.A. (Thus McBride and Carson use a foreign girl, as Godard did.) The picture opens in Las Vegas, where he met the girl, then moves to Los Angeles so that he can see the girl again. She is played by a 19-year-old newcomer named Valerie Kaprisky who is so good, so right, that she helps complete Gere's job for him. It's entirely credible that his Jesse would desperately desire this lithely attractive, cool but inflammable student whose intellect irritates him to attack it. His attraction for her is, obviously, his difference from her and from everyone she knows: his directness, his animality, his glandular sincerity, and her near-unwilling response to all these things. My one moment of doubt about her behavior was when she gets in his car, to flee to Mexico, after she knows he has committed a murder and after she has seen her picture in the paper because of her connection with him. It *could* happen, of course, but at that moment I had to go along with the film.

There are some other questionable points. After Jesse shoots the highway patrolman near the start, the man (inexplicably, in film terms) doesn't die at once; and Jesse puts his folded jacket under the cop's head. Later, he breaks into the girl's U.C.L.A. exam room for a scene that belongs in a screwball comedy, not here. Later, she tells him she may be pregnant; why the "maybe" as against Godard's flat statement? Later, Jesse takes a lot of punishment in a fight in an automobile graveyard, including a choking with an iron bar, and walks away unhurt and unfazed. Neatest touch of all: he and the girl make love in the back of a movie theater that is showing *Gun Crazy*, Joseph H. Lewis's much-praised film noir about a criminal pair who, like them, plan to flee from California to Mexico.

Nonetheless the picture is a pleasant surprise. In advance the project was treated by many as a joke, one more doomed American attempt to replicate a notable foreign film. But McBride and Carson saw the fundamental need: to root their version in its own cultural soil, rather than try to transplant Godard's 22-year-old film more or less intact. For instance, instead of attempting to reproduce Godard's wonderful sequence in the girl's tiny hotel bedroom, McBride and Carson transpose it to the swimming pool of her apartment house, thus exploiting Los Angeles space and luxury instead of faking Parisian cramp. This change epitomizes their film's entire transposition. McBride and Carson had to create a hero who is not an implicit symbol of revolt against the social-political order, a hero who just blindly wants more out of what the society is already providing, a hero with appeal for an audience whose only idea of revolt is to overthrow any obstacles between it and more pleasure. With Gere's electrifying help, McBride and Carson have succeeded.

Aaron Burr was not the villain you think.

THE FOUNDLING FATHER

BY R. JACKSON WILSON

The Founding Fathers stare gravely at us from their portraits, from our coins and bills, from our myths. Theirs are the solemn faces of Republican virtue. They are the faces of men who swept from provincial irrelevance to the center of the historical stage. For later generations, these solemn countenances have been a challenge and a reproach—a challenge to equal their grandeur and virtue, and a reproach for constant failure to regain their moral heights they managed to occupy so ably.

True, during the first third of this century, some historians suggested that the Founding Fathers may have been moved as much by personal economic interest as by principle and virtue. But the Fathers have by and large survived such gossip. And in our own time historians have restored the older picture of the Revolutionary leaders as men dedicated to resisting tyranny, men of vision with generous philosophical principles that carry high-sounding names like "Civic Humanism."

This is all the more striking because no other generation of American political leaders moved across a terrain so full of temptation. There was the truly fantastic land hunger of a people who suddenly had half a continent to themselves, open to all the crafts of the politician, the lawyer, and the speculator (and most of the Founding Fathers followed all three of these trades). There were endless possibilities for intrigues with the courts of Europe, ranging from grand schemes to simply taking shabby employment as an Agent X for one foreign government or another. There were the simpler temptations that saturated politics in a day when conflict of interest was only dimly understood, the temptations to use public office merely as a way to get rich, or to make friends and relatives rich.

It does seem a little miraculous that the Washingtons and Jeffersons, the Hamiltons and Madisons, could emerge

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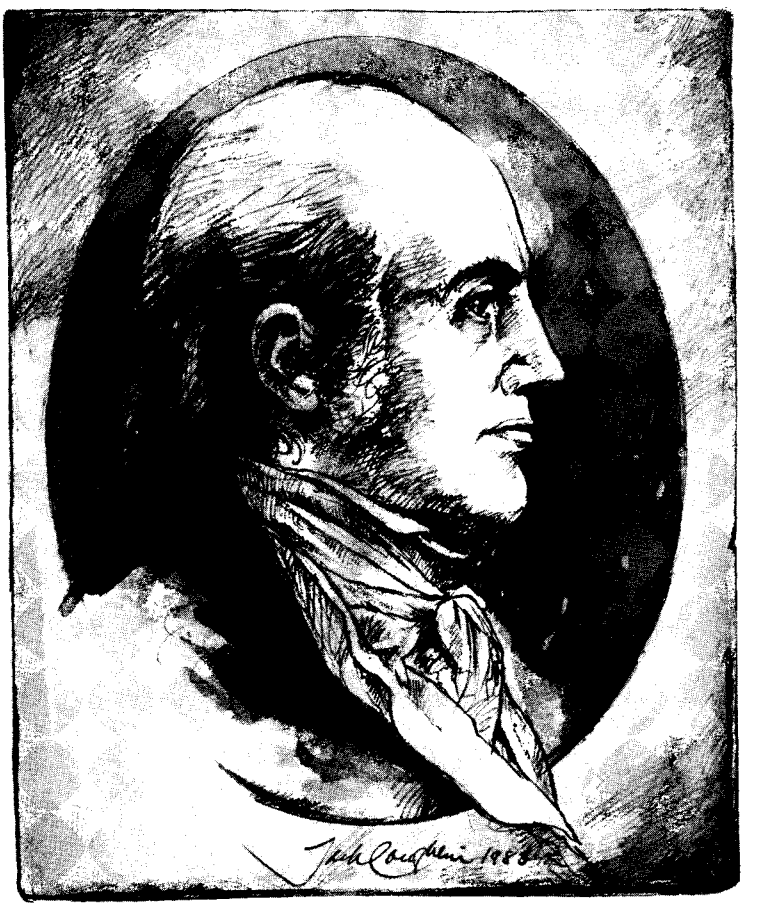
from such a setting with characters that seem relatively intact. And the near-miracle is made all the more remarkable because other men of their generation *did* succumb, did fall into half-criminal speculations, did raven for land, did engage in shabby foreign intrigues, and did turn public office into a financial speculation. In this miracle play, historians have always assigned an important role to Aaron Burr. He has been a dark foil, a man of no principles at all, a shady dealer whose restless and unrestrained cunning throws into bright contrast the fundamental decency and good character of the Founding Fathers.

And little wonder. In small things as in large, we can watch Aaron Burr misbehave until he becomes a model of indecent pragmatism. Everyone knew he was a brilliant lawyer and a superbly skilled political leader. He came from a family more distinguished than that of any of the Founding Fathers (his grandfather was the great theologian Jonathan Edwards, and his father was another president of Princeton). He was much better read than Washington and most of the other heroes of the Revolutionary generation. He was even something of an intellectual—not as serious in this as Jefferson or John Adams, but the equal of most of the other American statesmen of the age. He was, in short, a man with all the necessary credentials for admission to the charmed circle of the fathers of their country. But we see him stumble, time after time.

For example, we watch Aaron Burr as a legislator in New York in 1798 carefully working a bill through to make it legal for foreign citizens to own land in the state. And, as a result, he is able to "borrow" $5,500 from the most energetic company of foreign investors in New York land, the Holland Land Company. The sum was, by the standards of the day, sizable—especially for a man whose life was organized around loans, and who spent much of his energy and talent borrowing from one lender just to fend off some other creditor.

The next year, he creates a masterpiece of political and financial maneuver, the Manhattan Company. A doctor, one of Burr's in-laws, began the project with a humane warning that bad water was the cause of the many epidemics of yellow fever in the city. He proposed a water system that would pipe pure water from the Bronx River down into the city. The Common Council bought the idea but proposed a public company, not a private corporation, to build the system. And now enters Burr, in the legislature, getting votes for a private corporation. He wins, and he drafts the charter for the legislature to approve that includes an apparently harmless provision allowing the new Manhattan Company to use any "surplus" capital from stock sales for whatever purposes it chose. The stock is oversubscribed on the first day of sale. But then the point of it all becomes alarmingly clear. The capital is immediately used not to begin work on the water system but to found a bank, controlled by Burr's friends and relatives, a potent and convenient source of credit for an extended Burr network whose lives depend utterly on the availability of easy loans and patient creditors. The Manhattan Company never draws a drop of water from the Bronx River.

Or we see Burr several years later, in Cincinnati, working a similar scam. He helps a group of local promoters charter the Indiana Canal Company. The supposed purpose was a canal around a falls of the Ohio River. But there was a provision that "surplus" capital could be invested however the directors chose. Burr leads them to the same suspicious money well that the Manhattan Company had used. Instead of even pretending to build the canal (in which they quickly sold stock), they create a bank. And they promptly "lend" Aaron Burr—perhaps the worst credit risk in the nation at the time—$25,000.



DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

These were the typical schemes of the operators of the day. In them, there was not much to distinguish Burr's behavior from that of a majority of the politicians, lawyers, and speculators of that age of fiduciary carnival. Such dealings, however, are not enough to have created the Burr legend. They are necessary features of the morality play, if Burr is to stand as the warning model of what might have become of any of the Founding Fathers. But to complete a legend like Aaron Burr's, more is needed.

And there is more, much more. Aaron Burr was the central figure in three remarkable events, events that have crowned him with a very particular infamy.

Most importantly, Burr seemingly engaged in a calculated attempt to steal the election of 1800 from Thomas Jefferson. The two had won the same number of electoral votes under the clumsy system then used to elect Presidents. Every elector knew that Burr was really the candidate to be Vice President under Jefferson. But the Constitution spoke clearly. If no one won the elector-

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al vote, the Presidency would be decided in the House, with each state casting one vote. Jefferson was one state shy of certain victory in the House. Instead of emphatically renouncing the Presidency, Burr seemed ready to go along with Federalist efforts to block Jefferson's election and throw the office to him instead. The apparent scheme failed, with Hamilton helping to foil it by throwing his support to his old enemy Jefferson. The great "Revolution of 1800," which supposedly made government by the people a reality, was saved.

Most dramatically, Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton dead in a duel. And it was not an ordinary duel. Many of Burr and Hamilton's contemporaries, and many historians too, have believed the story that Hamilton did not shoot at all, or fired harmlessly to one side, then waited helplessly while Burr coldly fired the fatal shot.

FINALLY, and most spectacularly, Burr seems to have hatched a scheme to break the Union—to separate the states and vast territories west of the Appalachians from the rest of the country, and to make himself and an unsavory collection of cohorts its rulers. He conspired with the most shamelessly corrupt commanding general the Army of the United States has had—James Wilkinson. He tried to get British support for his covert attempt to destabilize the United States. He attempted to lure such heroes of the people as Andrew Jackson into his freebooting scheme. And he did it all for no principle at all, but out of greed and lust for power. What the Founding Fathers had risked life, fortune, and sacred honor to build, he set out to rend. He did it all in such a sneaky way that the charge of treason brought against him seems almost to lend too much dignity to his machinations. The fact that he got off on a technicality in his treason trial has done nothing to establish his real innocence.

In fact, what has set Aaron Burr off from the Founding Fathers has been our habit of presuming that he was guilty—unless someone could produce convincing evidence of his innocence. We have cast him in the role of a malefactor, and the problem has been only to specify just how much, when, and how he sinned—not whether. Rumors of scandal swirled around the Founding Fathers too. But we have not been willing to decide that they were guilty of

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anything unless the evidence is compelling and incontrovertible. Did Jefferson carry on a love affair with one of his women slaves, and still keep her in bondage? Probably not. But our approach to the question has, normally, been to demand proofs positive and certain. Was Hamilton a British agent for a time? Perhaps so, but we have, again, asked for proof beyond question. With Burr, the procedure is simply reversed, and we have demanded to see the evidence that he did not kill a helpless Hamilton in cold blood, that he did not try to steal the election of 1800, that he did not conspire to bring about the secession of the West.

OUR APPROACH to such questions has turned, ultimately, on such old-fashioned (and historically suspect) methodological notions as "character" and "principle." We have cast the Founding Fathers as men of character. ("Civic Humanism" is our historians' latest name for the ideological commitments of the founders, but we do not mean anything very different by that term than nineteenth-century historians meant by "patriotism.") We have usually defined Burr as a man of no character. This has meant that he lacked any sense of "principle," that is, of ideological commitment to anything that might lift him above self-interest. This apparent incapacity for principle is what has kept Burr in the dock, and has kept a small band of Burrite descendants and partisans tirelessly at work trying to produce evidence of his innocence.

Burr's grave in the Princeton cemetery went unmarked for twenty years after he was put into it in the autumn of 1836. A relative then laid a marker, a reminder that the Aaron Burr who lay there had been "colonel in the army of the Revolution" and "Vice President of the United States": accomplishments enough to make him if not a Founding Father then at least a sort of Founding Uncle of the Republic. Historians have marked his grave with tokens of corruption, murder, and treason. And now the publication of *The Political Correspondence and Public Papers of Aaron Burr* (Princeton University Press, 1,381 pp., 2 volumes, $95 until 12/31/83; $125 thereafter) invites us to ask whether those tokens ought to be removed, and replaced by at least a modest but more accurate memorial representation of Burr. The invitation is reinforced by the publication last year of the second half of Milton Lomask's biography, *Aaron Burr: The Conspiracy and Years of Exile 1805-1836*. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 476 pp., $22.50).

The editors of *The Political Correspondence and Public Papers*, Mary-Jo Kline and Joanne Wood Ryan, have worked carefully with an able group of assistants to publish an accurate record of Burr's public life. They have, clearly, been drawn into sympathy with Burr. In fact, their strategy is not very different from Milton Lomask's: to admit to any number of minor faults and shady deals on Burr's part, but to save him from the gravest charges his contemporaries and the historians have laid against him. On the whole, their sympathy for Burr is under better control than Lomask's, and their scholarship is well up to the standards established in recent years by the editors of other collections of the papers of men like Hamilton, Jefferson, and Franklin. Their editorial notes and footnotes are copious—filling about as many pages as the letters and papers themselves. The *Political Correspondence* is not quite a monument. But the editors are entitled to be taken seriously in their conclusion that "Perhaps Burr deserves to be remembered as nothing worse than a symbol of tragic, foolhardy ambition."

WHEN THE JURY brought in its verdict in Burr's treason trial, it read "not proved to be guilty . . . by any evidence." The editors of *The Political Correspondence* have added a good deal to this negative side of things. They have, in fact, made a convincing case that Burr did not write the most damaging of the famous "cipher letters" produced at the trial by General Wilkinson, Burr's partner in the supposed conspiracy to "levy war" against the United States. This coded document, written in July 1806, contains the only explicit reference Burr is ever supposed to have made to the possibility of separating the West from the United States by force: "The people of the country to which we are going . . . say that if we will protect their religion and will not subject them to a foreign power, that in three weeks all will be settled." It seems clear, now, that the letter was written not by Burr but by his cohort, Jonathan Dayton, an ex-Senator and land speculator. (Even if Burr had written the letter, it would hardly have proved him guilty of anything more dastardly than planning a filibustering expedition into Mexican territory as part of an impending war between the United States and Spain.)

In general, the record seems fully to justify the verdict "not proved" on all the major counts. It is obvious (and always has been, really) that Burr had no way of knowing whether Hamilton meant to try to kill him in the duel. Hamilton had accepted the challenge. He had come across the Hudson to the customary duelling ground at Weehauken, New Jersey. He had brought the pistols that had hair-spring triggers. After he and Burr took their places, Hamilton asked permission to "try the light" before the command to fire. His pistol did come up on the second's command to "Present!" He did shoot, and it would have been impossible for Burr to know whether Hamilton had fired by accident, or had purposefully fired into a tree a few feet off the line between the two men. Everything justified Burr's attempt to shoot Hamilton down, especially since the rules gave both men a second shot if they both failed on the first try.

NOTHING in the papers suggests that Burr tried in even the smallest way to become President in Jefferson's place. In fact, what the papers make almost touchingly clear is that he evaded the possibility that he might do something to win the prize. During the crucial weeks between the time in December when the electoral tie with Jefferson became known and the day in mid-February when the issue was settled, Burr buried himself in Albany, where he was a member of the state legislature. He worked assiduously to get a colleague appointed mayor of New York. And he bustled about preparing the wedding of his beloved daughter, Theodosia. If the House of Representatives had handed him the Presidency, he would no doubt have taken it. So would any of the other candidates. But he did nothing to win it for himself.

Finally, the documents drive home a point that everyone who has ever looked dispassionately at the treason trial has always known. The Jefferson Administration's lawyers were trying to prove an indictment built substantially around evidence presented by James Wilkinson, commanding general, spy on the Spanish payroll, and liar. Wilkinson was turning on Burr, his supposed co-conspirator, without even the heavy heart that John Dean wore on his sleeve

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when he turned on the Nixon crowd. Jefferson should not have bought the tale. (In fact, if there was a failure of character in the treason episode, it was Jefferson's, not Burr's. The President behaved like a frightened rabbit, apparently convinced that Burr really was a dangerous man bent on a treasonous conspiracy. And if he was not truly frightened, then he was being merely vengeful, and vengeful against misdeeds he had no very convincing reason to believe in.)

We have to conclude that there is no plausible evidence that Burr actually did any of the more dreadful things he has been routinely accused of, at the time and since. And no new evidence is likely to emerge to make him guilty. Has it all simply been a mistake? Is he entitled, without irony and knowing glances, to the bust of him that stands in the Capitol? Was there nothing to justify John Quincy Adam's famous observation a year after Burr's death in 1836 that "Burr's life, take it all together, was such as in any country of sound morals his friends would be desirous of burying in profound oblivion"?

Adams, in his usual awkward, excessively precise prose, put his finger on the problem of Aaron Burr. It has to do with "sound morals." Burr's contemporaries, most of them at least, suspected his character, suspected that he was a man who lacked the kind of "virtue" they agreed was essential to the survival of any republic.

But this did not distinguish Burr from the rest of the potential Founding Fathers. They believed the worst of each other. Jefferson's opinion of Burr was not really any lower than his opinion of Hamilton or Adams. Nor did John Adams think worse of Burr than he did of Jefferson. On around the circle of the Founding Fathers it went, the current of distrust and suspicion. And it was never quite clear why they thought Burr lacked principles. One of the most famous condemnations of Burr was the bitter remark of James Bayard, Delaware's only Congressman, and the man who had the power for a few days in the heady February of 1801 to make Jefferson President: "The means existed of electing Burr," Bayard wrote to an equally embittered Hamilton,

> but they required his cooperation. By deceiving one man (a great blockhead) and tempting two (not incorruptible) he might have secured a majority of the states. He will never have another chance of being President of the United States, and the little use he has made of the one which has occurred gives me but a humble opinion of the talents of an unprincipled man.

Unprincipled because he did not deceive and tempt his way into the Presidency?

Bayard's comment was not sarcastic. He meant precisely that Burr had betrayed a lack of principle. And what he meant by that was equally clear. Principle, among the political leaders of the day, meant ambition trained single-mindedly on a goal that could be defined in public terms as service to the higher ends of the Republic. A man's "principles" need not conflict with private interest—in land, or banks, or trade. They might even further private interest, as they did for Washington, Franklin, and any number of other Founding Fathers. But it was important that a man's principles be focused and predictable, and that they be translatable into terms that seemed civic and patriotic. And this was exactly what

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Burr did seem to lack. He was a dangerous man not because of what he did try, but because he *might* try anything. And there was so much to be tried, so much temptation to corruption, speculation, and intrigue, that such a man could come to be seen as a predator, an ultimate threat to the precarious and philosophically thin "Civic Humanism" of the Founding Fathers. To his colleagues in the Republican Party, and to his Federalist opponents, Burr was a kind of pure potential for dangerous mischief, the object of a mistrust that could not have been quieted by any evidence of generosity, innocence, or mere harmlessness.

Part of the reason for this suspicion of Burr was simply that New York politics were particularly nasty and factional, and no one was better at them than he was. Another part of the reason is that he was suave, dapper, and quick as lightning on his feet in a courtroom or a legislature. Those who feared him even came to believe that he *looked* mysterious. The description that accompanied the warrant for his arrest on the charge of treason said that his eyes "sparkled like diamonds"—a rather drastic improvement of the police-ese of our century.

A more serious element in the Burr equation is that he was always broke, always in debt, always scrambling for ways to hold creditors at bay, and always dreaming of a time when things would be better. He never accumulated the solid financial base that would have spared him the time to manifest focused and steady "principles." He was always hustling, always facing away from public life toward some new scheme to get ahead of the game, and never quite making it. It was hard to believe a man could rise above self-interest when he had so little interest to rise above. At the outset of the Revolution, the Founding Fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause. And what marked them, as a group, is that they managed to serve all three things during their careers. They devoted their lives to political careers that brought them office, fame, and power. They pursued private wealth, sometimes successfully and occasionally not. And they cultivated an overweening sense of the posthumous glory they might earn. But they did so in way that made a seamless whole of all three, of life, honor, and fortune. Burr was a man for whom the demands of life, or career, were often at odds with those of fortune. And neither sat very comfortably with honor.

But this was not just an outcome of personality, not just some genetic streak in him, or some trait that resulted from the loss of his mother when he was a child, or some other accident of psychic biography. He was a creature of history. The Revolution had made him a colonel at twenty. It saved him from a career as a minister or an academic. It gave him the greatest kinds of expectations. And when the expectations failed, when he did not become wealthy, when he was shut out of the inner circles of the Republican Party, his frustration was enormous. He was orphaned by the Revolution, led to believe he would join in a grand inheritance—a "golden harvest," he once called it—and then disinherited.

And he was not alone. Whatever his plans and schemes were, he always found ready partners. And they were not poor or insignificant men. They were Senators and generals, colonels and bankers, planters and speculators. Typically, they were men who had entered revolutionary war and politics as youths—Burr and Wilkinson were both, like Hamilton, twenty-year-old colonels, they had tasted glory and career, and they were acutely aware of the limitless possibilities their times seemed to offer for fortune. But for the numerous Burrs and Wilkinsons of the decades after the Revolution, this meant they ran a terrible risk, that time would pass them, the steep crest move on, leaving them outside the feast of power, money, and fame that the few heroes we remember as Founding Fathers enjoyed in one mixture or another. Burr's ambition was "unprincipled" not because it was ambition, for that was the most common trait of all the leaders of the generation. The perceived danger lay in the restlessness with which he was ready to cast this way and that for some source of life, fortune, and honor. The danger lay, too, in the simple fact that he did not succeed, and that every failure only fed the ambition that had been set burning in the first year of the Revolution.

If all else failed—as it had when he left the Vice Presidency in the spring of 1805, then he would "seek another country." It did not matter much if that

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country was Mexico, which he hoped to liberate, or perhaps even Louisiana, if the chances of history led to that outcome, or just some new lands in the West to which he had wangled a share of a grant. For such restless, undefined ambition, he could always find a ready constituency among other middle-aged veterans of the Revolution who also had not reaped their full measure of the "golden harvest," and among younger men like Andrew Jackson, born a little late to be to heroes of the Revolution, and fearful that their chance might never come. For every Founding Father there were dozens of men who were in danger of becoming the foundlings of the Revolution. And Aaron Burr was not so much their leader as he was their type.

WILD HISTORY

The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao by Yao Ming-le

(Knopf, 231 pp., $13.95)

Ever since the unification of China over two thousand years ago, "wild" or unauthorized histories have embellished dry, official imperial records, supplying vivid reconstructions of the intrigues, power struggles, murders, personal habits, and sexual liaisons of the empire's highest leaders. Usually protecting themselves with pseudonyms, their authors have provided flesh and blood subjects for some of China's greatest historical romances and operas.

Now a "wild history" of the most sensational nature, written in a dramatic and accessible style, has been dropped, courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., into the Western lap. Claiming to give the real story behind the death, in 1971, of Chairman Mao's Minister of Defense and appointed successor, Lin Biao, Yao Ming-le (a pseudonym) offers a tale so damning of the life-styles of high officials that if proven it could cause a scandal of Watergate proportions in the Chinese world. In the West, it could deal a final blow to romantic notions of China's leaders as benevolent protectors of the interests of the masses. Unfortunately, we are unable to know its authorship or how it came into the hands of its publisher, unable to examine (or even to be guaranteed the existence of) a Chinese manuscript, denied even the name of its purported translator or the titles of many of the sources said to be the basis for material diverging from official accounts. But despite these and other problems, *The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao* is sociologically plausible if not necessarily historically so, and it makes some of the most compelling reading one could ever hope to find on life at the pinnacles of Chinese power.

According to the official account of Lin Biao's death, a rift developed between Lin and Mao in 1970 over the question of succession. Lin then plotted, with the help of his son Lin Liguo, to assassinate Mao by blowing up his train during one of the Chairman's inspection tours of the South. Lin's daughter betrayed them, and in September of 1971 Lin, his wife, son, and several co-conspirators attempted to flee to the Soviet Union in a British Trident jet. Short of fuel, the plane crashed in the People's Republic of Mongolia, where the bodies were buried.

This story, released nine months after the crash, was supported by massive documentation of the activities of the private Air Force unit Lin Liguo called his "Joint Fleet," including assassination blueprints, diaries, transcripts of confessions and phone conversations, photographs of the bodies and the plane wreckage, as well as detailed accounts of Lin's son's immoral sex life. However, there has been little doubt in the minds of Chinese intellectuals and Western China scholars that this official version is incomplete and distorted. Why, for example, should the man designated in the 1969 constitution as Mao's successor, the man who had held *de facto* power in China ever since the army moved into work units all over the country to suppress Cultural Revo-

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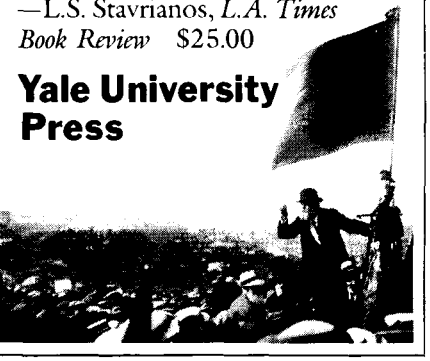

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lution violence in late 1967, suddenly become impatient with waiting for the official mantle to be passed to him? Why should the brilliant strategist Mao himself called "the invincible marshal," the man who never lost a fight, give up and run off toward the Soviet Union when he had so much strength in South China? How could any plane readied for takeoff have had insufficient fuel for even so short a journey?

THE QUESTIONS are endless and the answer obvious: someone had Lin Biao killed and ordered a cover-up. The particulars have been the subject of Chinese rumor and speculation for years: perhaps the pilot crashed the plane deliberately, in patriotic glory; perhaps Mao arranged to have his victims' corpses put on the plane; perhaps a bomb was planted and timed to go off in midair. In *The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao* we have for the first time a coherent, written, counterexplanation, with extensive (if unverifiable) documentation as well as an account of how this purportedly top-secret information came into the author's hands.

Yao Ming-le was, we are told, among those shown the official "top-secret" documents concerning the death of Lin Biao. By chance he came across similarly labeled documents whose contents were so different and yet so much more believable that he determined to investigate further. His breakthrough came when he obtained the memoirs of a high-ranking cadre in the Security Bureau of the Central Committee named Zhao Yanji, now dead, to whom Chairman Mao's personal aide Wang Dongxing had assigned the task of "investigating, examining, and reporting on certain materials that would contradict the Central Committee's official statements about Lin Biao." Relying on these memoirs and "Class One " documents he says were available only to the few people involved in the cover-up, Yao Ming-le constructs the following amazing story.

Lin Biao's conspiracy went well beyond the train ambush of the official records. He and his son had come to independent realizations that Mao was having second thoughts about the succession, and had made separate assassination plans, Lin Liguo's scheme being the train attack. When Lin Biao learned of his son's activities, he persuaded Lin Liguo to help him in his own "Jade Tower Mountain" scheme. This change of plans resulted in last-minute phone calls that stopped the ambush seconds before it was to have taken place.

Lin Biao's elaborate plot involved the provocation of a Sino-Soviet border war (to be staged, optimally, with Soviet cooperation). He would then use the national crisis to establish martial law. After Mao, Zhou Enlai, Wang Dongxing and their associates retreated to the underground command post to the west of Peking (the "Jade Tower Mountain"), Lin's troops would seal off all entranceways but one, through which they would pump poisonous gas and liquid fuel before going in to finish the job. Lin Biao's ascension to absolute power would then clear the way to a diplomatic about-face (at the most delicate moment of ping-pong diplomacy!), leading to a Sino-Soviet rapprochement. The new Communist bloc would irrevocably alter the balance of world power.

ACCORDING TO Yao's account, this plan failed because Premier Zhou came to know of Lin Biao's overtures to the Soviets. It was one of Lin Liguo's prized concubines, a spy for Mao's aide Wang Dongxing, who first told of the "Jade Tower Mountain" scheme. More details about the planned coup came from Lin's own daughter, Lin Doudou, whose husband was "owned" by Zhou and the much-feared leftist Kang Sheng. Amply informed, Mao invited Lin Biao and his wife to dinner, at his villa on the same mountain where Lin had hoped to kill him. After an elaborate banquet of the most extreme cordiality, Mao and Wang Dongxing personally saw Lin Biao and his wife to their limousine. Minutes later, the guests were obliterated in a volley of forty- and sixty-millimeter rockets. As for the famous Trident, it carried only Lin Liguo and members of his Joint Fleet, not his parents. Attacked with ground-to-air missiles from Inner Mongolia on the orders of Premier Zhou, it finally crashed in the People's Republic of Mongolia. Chairman Mao himself ordered that the bodies be buried there; autopsy reports that the dead were all under 50 years of age were suppressed.

The least plausible element in this tale is the notion that Lin Biao would provoke a border war with the Soviet Union—at terrible risk to China, and with no guarantee that nuclear weapons would not be used—on grounds that this would be more reliable than his son's ambush plan. (Footnotes, too, are weakest on the "Jade Tower Mountain"; Yao claims he wishes to protect Chinese national security.) However, even granting the possibilities that the plan was not as crazy as it seems or that Lin, like Mao, had lost touch in his old age, there are many indications that this account has been fictionalized.

IN CHINA, a country in which the function of newspapers is not to print the news but to disseminate policies and attitudes, the "hardest" information is often available through hearsay. This fact, plus the ancient custom of making everyone's business one's own, contributes to a proliferation of rumors amazing to Westerners accustomed to vast reservoirs of public information and the concept of personal privacy. Thus it is possible that a well-connected person living in Peking, perhaps a son or daughter of a high-ranking cadre, could have collected rumors and minor documents (as well as the many official ones on Lin Liguo's activities) and, with a boldness born of living with power, written them up and passed them on to Western sources. The many details which read so convincingly, such as exact locations and descriptions of leaders' villas and the histories of their relationships, power struggles, and personalities, could easily have been plucked from the grapevine if the writer had access to the proper vineyard. Yet as I myself know all too well, having been the subject of a multitude of rumors as imaginative as they were preposterous (one of the only foreigners in Hunan Province, I married my Chinese husband after an appeal to Deng Xiaoping), Chinese hearsay is not always to be believed.

Other signs of creativity at work in Yao's story include the language of the confessions and the diaries, presented in a psychological and personal style not generally typical of such documents; the use of shifting viewpoints and the narrator's apparent omniscience in following, for example, the reasoning of Air Force Commander Wu Faxian as he decides to throw in his lot with Lin rather than betray him to Mao; the overly dramatized descriptions of the scene at the site of the train ambush; the way information is fed out gradually, thriller-style, and so on. Such hesitations may also lead us to suspect an extensive Western reworking of the text: the sheer fact of its tre-

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mendous accessibility to the Western reader is, in a sense, evidence of non-Chinese input, for given the enormous gaps between Chinese and Western styles, aesthetics, and conventions, no simple translation could be expected to have such an impact.

This said, *The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao* has the great virtue of having forever rescued the term "power struggle" from its lifeless existence on the pages of political science monographs. Never have there been better examples of how, during the Cultural Revolution, trusted advisers, relatives, and lovers were forced to become spies and betrayers. The rewards of power, too, were many: Yao Ming-le includes an unforgettable portrait of Lin Liguo and his associates leering on their side of the one-way mirrors as some unknowing candidate for the concubinage does calisthenics in the nude for her "doctor," and there are descriptions of delicacies brought at great cost from the far reaches of China to feed the powerful. (I, for one, will always think of Chairman Mao as serving tiger tendons to Lin Biao just hours before his death.) But perhaps the most important lesson of *The Conspiracy and Death of Lin Biao* is the implied contrast between life among the leaders and life among the masses. The Chinese people have been tricked and used too often by leaders whose directives were rooted in little more logic than the self-interest of those jockeying for power at the very top.

JUDITH SHAPIRO

Judith Shapiro is co-author, with her Chinese husband Liang Heng, of *Son of the Revolution* (Knopf), his story of growing up during the Cultural Revolution.

FREUD'S BOSWELL

Ernest Jones: Freud's Alter Ego
by Vincent Brome

(Norton, 250 pp., $20)

An English reviewer is bound to be ashamed that this book was printed in Great Britain, and surprised that so reputable a publisher as Norton has been content to take over the British edition without correcting the innumerable elementary errors that appear throughout the book. I cannot believe that the author, whose previous books bear witness to his care and thoroughness, was ever allowed a sight of the page proofs. This said, it must be acknowledged that the book is a valuable addition to the growing catalog of works about the early history of the psychoanalytic movement and its pioneers.

Ernest Jones was, at first sight, an unlikely recruit to psychoanalysis. He was born in Wales on January 1, 1879; his father was the manager of a colliery and later an accountant. There has been, for many years, a tradition in Wales that clever boys who want to rise in the world become doctors, and Ernest Jones chose that profession at a very early age. He was a great passer of examinations, gained scholarships, and was accepted as a student at Cardiff Medical School. In 1898, he transferred to University College Hospital in London, which is still a famous clinical training school today. In these early years, Jones was primarily interested in neurology, and it was not until 1902 that psychiatry gradually began to take hold of his imagination. While he was still struggling to establish himself in London, his career was threatened by charges that he had sexually interfered with two mentally handicapped children while giving them tests. He was acquitted, but two years later faced a similar charge in connection with a girl of ten. This time he was forced to resign from the hospital at which he was a medical registrar, and found it advisable to leave England and take a post in Toronto. Meanwhile, his growing interest in psychiatry led to his attending a conference in Amsterdam at which he encountered Jung; that was in 1907, the same year in which Freud and Jung first met in Vienna. Early in 1908 Jones was introduced to Freud in Salzburg. It is

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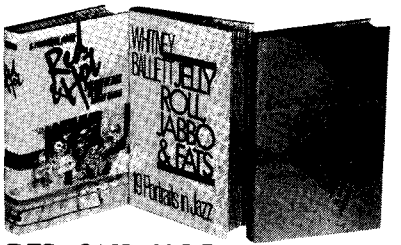

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interesting that Freud, who is often portrayed as inflexible, wrote to Jung that Jones appeared to him as a fanatic.

From 1908-1913 Jones remained in Toronto, looked after by his sister and his mistress. He disliked Canada almost as much as Canada disliked him and seems to have taken every possible opportunity to return to Europe. He also made contact with leading figures in psychiatry in the United States, including Morton Prince, J. J. Putnam, and A. A. Brill. His capacities as organizer and proselytizer for psychoanalysis were becoming manifest. In addition to writing some forty papers while in Canada, Jones kept up a lively correspondence with Freud. Brome tells us that there are over four hundred unpublished letters between Freud and Jones to which he was given access by Jones's widow. In 1911 Jones was in trouble again. A woman patient, whom he had seen four times during September 1910, accused him of having had intercourse with her, and, as he admitted in a letter to Putnam, he was actually foolish enough to pay her $500 blackmail to prevent a scandal. Brome charitably supposes that, since Jones had already been the subject of two similar accusations, he would not have risked his career by seducing a patient; but accident-proneness of this degree requires more explanation than we are given. Two other husbands of patients, one a doctor, tried to revenge themselves upon Jones for the effect his treatment had upon their wives. Jones was finally asked to resign from Toronto University, ostensibly on the grounds that he was too often away from his job, although it is clear that this was no more than an excuse for getting rid of an unpopular figure who was regarded as shockingly immoral. Jones was, and remained, arrogant, tactless, and dogmatic.

In 1913 Jones returned to London and set up in private practice. One night Frieda Lawrence burst into his apartment complaining that her husband, D. H. Lawrence, was about to murder her. "From the way you treat him I wonder he has not done so long ago" was Jones's rejoinder. Jones's own sex life continued to be disturbed. The mistress who had been with him in Canada was by now in analysis with Freud and had been replaced by one of her friends. She in turn was supplanted by a Welsh musician, whom Jones actually married but who died shortly afterwards.

One remarkable set of letters from which Brome has been allowed to quote are those written to Jones by Mrs. Joan Rivière, who was one of Freud's early translators. This formidable lady, whom I well remember as a pillar of the psychoanalytic establishment, is revealed as having been passionately in love with Jones, who was her analyst for a number of years. Whether he was anything else as well is open to question. Brome is again inclined to be charitable; but I doubt whether the content of Mrs. Rivière's passionate, pathetic, and somewhat embarrassing letters can be explained in terms of transference alone. Once again Freud was called in to clear up the mess, and his letters to Jones about Mrs. Rivière indicate he felt that Jones had treated her badly. At last, in 1919, Jones finally settled down and married Katharine Jokl, a Viennese lady with whom he achieved a notably successful and happy union which lasted the rest of his life. Jones seems to have been one of those ambitious, dictatorial men who demand slave-like devotion and who finally found it. When Brome interviewed Mrs. Jones in 1980, she remarked with some regret: "There were really no evenings." At his busiest, Jones was seeing eleven analytic patients a day, starting before breakfast. The evenings, like those of Freud, were devoted to writing, though once a month the couple went to the theater.

Although Jones's political maneuvers and leading part in the establishment of psychoanalysis in Europe will continue to be remembered by psychoanalysts, his real claim to fame rests upon two achievements. The first was his rescue of Freud from Nazi-occupied Vienna. At considerable personal risk, Jones made his way to Freud's apartment, and finally persuaded the obstinate old man that he had to leave. Jones, who had powerful connections on both sides of the Atlantic, pulled every diplomatic string to persuade the Nazis to let Freud go and the English to offer Freud asylum. Negotiations took several months, but, in the end, Freud left the city in which he had practiced for so many years and, together with his wife, his sister-in-law, and his daughter Anna, arrived in London in June 1938. Four of his sisters, then between 75 and

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80, were left behind in Austria and perished in concentration camps. There is little doubt that it was Jones's organizing ability and power of persuasion that saved Freud from the same fate.

The second achievement for which Jones will be remembered is his mammoth, three-volume biography of Sigmund Freud. Although some of what Jones wrote has been superseded by later discoveries, no other account of Freud's life is so closely meshed with the development of psychoanalytic theory. Jones had a number of disagreements with both Sigmund and Anna Freud, especially about the controversial contributions of Melanie Klein, whom he supported. But, in the biography, Jones gives so clear an account of Freudian theory that he was often accused of uncritical adulation.

Jones died in 1958, not long after the completion of the biography of Freud. Brome's account of him is accomplished and fair, but does not endear him to the reader. Once again, the partial revelations which Brome had disinterred make one angry that the bulk of the material in the Freud Archive is still unavailable to scholars, and is likely to remain so until after the year 2000. Freud died in 1939. Now that Anna Freud has also died one wonders what possible object there can be in further concealment.

ANTHONY STORR

Anthony Storr, a British psychoanalyst, is the author most recently of the *Art of Psychotherapy* (Methuen).

MYSTERIES

A self-enforced six-month sabbatical from reviewing, in order to get other work out of the way, has not meant six months of neglect of reading. Good books continue to come along in about the usual ratio: out of some ninety titles that have come my way, a quick dip here and there could eliminate perhaps fifty, but the rest needed attention. Of course, there is no point in talking about books six months old, so I have missed my chance to tell people just how good P. D. James's *The Skull Be-*

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neath the Skin (Scribner's, $13.95) is—especially because it maintains a playful series of self-parodies to remind the reader of each previous James book, while also standing up as a classic mystery in its own right—or to comment on the new Gregory McDonald, *Fletch's Moxie* (Warner Books, $2.95), which is certainly the most intriguing and (except for *The Buck Passes Flynn*) the most biting of McDonald's ever more bitter satires.

Rather, one must speak of hot news, for books date almost as rapidly as the headlines. First, I can report that three old faithfuls are just as good as ever. Then I can praise two newer talents, which is always nice, especially after a sabbatical. As to the old faithfuls, they are Robert B. Parker, Ed McBain, and William Haggard. Parker's *Ceremony* (Delacorte, $12.95) brings the tough sentimentalist Spenser back from the *Savage Place* of his (and my) discontent: Parker hasn't been this good since *Promised Land*, though even when he is bad he is good. Spenser's problem appears a simple one: find a high school dropout who has probably become a prostitute and return her to her family. Along the way we explore Boston's Combat Zone, we eavesdrop on a good bit of good talk between Spenser and his companion, Susan Silverman; and Hawk, Spenser's black ally whenever the private eye has to go up against organized crime, returns to do evil deeds in a good cause. *Ceremony* is more obvious in its moral irony than previous Parker books; it is also a careful combination of the tough and the softminded in most of us. There are a dozen claimants to follow Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald; Parker alone has really done it.

Ed McBain's *Ice* (Arbor House, $15.50) is grim stuff, as McBain usually is. By now McBain has the 87th Precinct down pat: he could probably write in his sleep. But then Arnold Bennett wrote a good bit of his prose in his sleep too, and if a writer really knows his craft, there surely comes a time when it is possible to coast. *Ice* begins with a seemingly senseless killing on a New York City street—not a novel idea—and moves through the underworlds of drugs, diamond smuggling, and a scam involving theater tickets, with the usual patented McBain ease, in which real people sound like real people. In the classic mystery every detail counts, or may be assumed to count; with McBain, as with real life, there is an enormous amount of what proves to be truly irrelevant detail, and none of it seems like padding. There is a certain amount of silly dust jacket copy of the kind calculated to put off the discriminating reader. We are told that *Ice* is a major work that transcends the genre of crime fiction, doing for crime novels what John Le Carré has done for espionage fiction. This is nonsense: the gap between *Ice* and *The Little Drummer Girl*, Le Carré's truly transcendent novel, is enormous. But taken on its own terms, *Ice* is just fine: we care about its characters in a way that good Victorian novelists once made us care.

COMING:
Irving Howe
on
Oliver Twist.

WILLIAM HAGGARD remains a particular favorite of mine, and *The Mischief Makers* (Walker, $10.95) maintains his high standard. Everything here is low key, very British, just a bit snobbish. The ruler of a small Islamic state (for which read Libya) tries to use London as the scene for vengeance on an enemy. Some perfectly competent though rather minor gun smuggling comes into the picture; the guns are to be used to heighten racial tensions in an already tense nation, even to create a revolution. What is fascinating here is that the reader knows, even as the former chief of Security Executive, Colonel Charles Russell obviously knows, that the various plots have no logical possibility of success: these are small potatoes. And the reader knows that it is precisely such small potatoes, with an unpredictable logic of their own, that historically lead to major disruptions. It is an added pleasure to see the urbane Russell very nearly upstaged by an equally urbane "coloured Englishman" (as Haggard likes to put it), William Wilberforce Smith.

As to the two relatively new talents, they are Rick Boyer and Robert B. Gillespie. Boyer's *Billingsgate Shoal* (Houghton Mifflin, $11.95) was nominated for the Black Orchid Award of the Nero Wolfe Society, and while it bears no relationship whatsoever to the work of Rex Stout, it reads very well. A believable Cape Cod suburbanite becomes curious about a fishing boat stranded on a shoal inside the inner hook of the Cape. On impulse he suggests that a good friend of his son, a skin diver, take a look at the vessel when it frees itself and comes into the harbor. The boy is then found dead outside Wellfleet. Wanting to find a witness to the accident, our suburbanite tries to find the owner of the damaged boat. These innocent investigations reveal a trail of misinformation which carries an ever more resourceful "average guy" into deep water. The book is a bit slow at times, but the sense of locale is powerful, and while one suspects most people would not rise to the levels of Walter Mitty shown here, it is nice to think they might.

Gillespie's *Print-Out* (Dodd, Mead, $11.95) is, as one might guess, about a computer print-out and how it, rather like the wake of the damaged vessel off Cape Cod, can lead to unexpected challenges and responses. A retired executive, not very successful and not too bright, has stolen $50,000 from a client's safe; with the theft he has inadvertently obtained a computer print-out that is meaningless to him, but for which he is pursued throughout New York City. The executive discovers resources he did not know he had, of course, as he hides first in the Waldorf-Astoria in a tensely claustrophobic scene, then in his Ivy League university club, and finally with a former secretary. There is a comfortable predictability about all this, though there are enough small twists and turns to suggest that Gillespie, who has written several books of crossword puzzles (if one "writes" such books), knows how to make columns read in two directions at once.

The genre has been alive and well these six months, though the best news of all is that there are several genuinely major contributions to our pleasure in the pipeline—that is, on my desk in bound page proofs—which promise a good summer. Of which, as they say, more later.

ROBIN W. WINKS

Robin W. Winks is professor of history at Yale. A revised edition of his *An American's Guide to Britain* has recently been published by Scribner's.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

The Selected Essays of T. Harry Williams

(Louisiana State University Press, 276 pp., $19.95)

One test of a historian, for the general reader at any rate, is whether he tells you what you want to know. Most of us are aware of what we don't know about history, our ignorance is raw from rubbing, and so we can't enjoy reading historians who are so immersed in the penetralia of their subject as to have forgotten the questions that fascinate us, however naive or obvious they may be to them. Although many of these essays by the late T. Harry Williams, the celebrated Civil War historian and biographer of Huey Long, first appeared in academic journals, they passed that test handsomely for me. Indeed, I defy any reader interested in the Civil War, Reconstruction, the U.S. military tradition, or those "power artists," Lincoln, Huey Long, and L.B.J., to read this book without learning something he always wanted to know.

For example, for years I have wanted to find out what the casualties would have been in World War II if the Civil War ratio of casualties to population had been equaled. In a moving essay, "That Strange Sad War," Professor Williams gives the answer. If the ratio of Northern deaths had been reached in WWII, two million would have died instead of three hundred eighty-four thousand; the Southern ratio would have swollen the total to five million. Unimaginable? Yes, but to the Southerners of 1865, it was a reality, one that Professor Williams has now brought powerfully home to me.

Another question that has long intrigued me is this: what part did Lincoln play in planning the strategy of the war? Short of reading Professor Williams's Pulitzer Prize-winning book on the subject, you could not find a more succinct answer than in the essay titled "The Military Systems of the North and the South." Lincoln had had only brief military experience in the Black Hawk War, "when, as he liked to recall, he had made some ferocious charges on the wild onions and engaged in bloody struggles with the mosquitos." In short, he was a babe at arms. Yet he possessed "a fine strategic sense," knew instinctively that the only way the North could exploit its advantage in men and material was to advance simultaneously on all fronts. Under this strategy soldiers not taking part in the fighting could help simply by marching forward; or as Lincoln expressed it, "Those not skinning could hold a leg." That quip became the winning strategy of the war.

It is by answering such mythic questions, by citing such vivid quotations, and by striking off a character with an inspired phrase or observation that T. Harry Williams won a large and admiring audience for his books as well as a devoted following from among a generation of students at Louisiana State University. At his death in 1979 he was at work on a biography of L.B.J., and a sensitive essay included here, "Huey, Lyndon, and Southern Radicalism," makes one wish he had been granted time to complete it. The reader must be satisfied with these essays, a diversely engrossing coda to a distinguished career.

JACK BEATTY

Imaginary Crimes by Sheila Ballantyne

(Penguin Books, 265 pp., $4.95)

Published a year ago to critical acclaim, this novel has many of the trappings of much meretricious contemporary fiction. The device that initially transports the reader back to the beginning of the story is a faded photograph. The narrative comes in segments that range in length from a paragraph to a few pages, and each segment is set off by an elegant rubric. The point of view shifts constantly from third to first person. There are a good number of flashbacks in italic lettering. And the story is told in that by-now common feminine voice—spare, quivering, precise, vulnerable—that seems almost precious.

But the exactness of the observed detail keeps the writing from being precious; the richly textured character portraits justify the dislocation caused by the shifting point of view; the careful, steady, wave-like progression of the story mitigates the halting effect of the narrative segmentation; and the evocation of these lives is genuine enough to overwhelm the structural elements of the novel that don't feel genuine.

At the center of the book is a pained woman named Sonya Weiler. Her mother Valery dies fairly early in the story, leaving the child Sonya with her irresponsible father, who is an incorrigible fortune seeker and schemer, and a younger sister, Greta, who is still in the crib. Most of the novel details Sonya's

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growth—through adolescence, school, young adulthood, her wardship of Greta (who had been raised until then by cousins), marriage, and middle age—against the backdrop of her disquieting past and the continuing exploits of her father, which are depressingly hopeless and which carry him further and further away from her, until he is more like a ghost than a person. When he dies, at the end of the novel, Sonya's assimilation of what she knows about her present and future and what she feels about her past becomes even more complete. *Imaginary Crimes* is a tender depiction of the emotional wounds inflicted by unhappy families.

MARC GRANETZ

Womenfolks: Growing Up Down South by Shirley Abbott

(Ticknor & Fields, 210 pp., $13.95)

"Like any properly brought up Southern girl, I used to spend a lot of time in graveyards." To a properly brought up Northern girl, habitual family visits to the cemetery sound like a morbid ritual. But what Shirley Abbott eventually learned from those sweltering summer afternoon expeditions, when boredom "was as heavy as passion," was respect for the lessons of the past. As the girls helped their mothers read the markers, pull the weeds, and place fresh flowers, they came to see that family traditions could be honored and perpetuated even if the culture from which they sprung had been virtually swept away.

As Abbott set to work excavating the facts about the womenfolk of rural Arkansas, she discovered "the real feminine mystique of the South." Her heroines are rough backwoods women of Scotch-Irish descent who ventured out with their families into the wilds of the Carolinas and Arkansas because they "wanted no truck with institutions." There on the frontier they chewed tobacco and dipped snuff with impunity, slathered their hair with bear grease and tied it up like Indians. "They were not innocent or submissive or delicately constituted. It took them approximately two hours to transform a live rooster into a Sunday dinner." Abbott looks back with defensive pride upon her barefoot, Bible-thumping great-grandmother, and professes, "I would rather have her for my ancestor than all the ladies of Charleston."

Of course, the South that gave rise to the steely, self-sufficient McElroy women is also the South that nourished slavery and handed down to all women "a set of directives that warp one for life, if they do not induce psychosis." Abbott is a lapsed Southerner (she fled north as soon as she'd finished college), and she conveys a clear-eyed ambivalence about her heritage. Drawing upon her own memories and family history, the diaries of Mary Chesnut and the works of twentieth-century Southerners (*Gone With the Wind*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*), as well as the testimony of slaves about their mistresses, Abbott describes the evolution of the ideal of Southern womanhood—"she is a goddess, an immaculate angel hovering over the hearthside and slave shanty"—and the truth about the lives of these women. Here is one slave's description: " 'What did ole missus look like? Well, I tell yer, honey, she looked like a witch. She'd set dere an' dat look 'ud come into her eyes an' she'd study and study what to whip me about.' "

As a girl Abbott was tormented by the thought that she could never fit the Southern goddess ideal—she was, after all, the daughter of a bookie and a farm woman. She shrank from the Hillbilly English spoken by her relatives (" 'Hunt you up a rockin' chair, and set down awhile' "); and she recalls her irritation with her mother, who resolutely refused to be a lady. Abbott had grown up and moved to New York before she fully realized that the South she'd romanticized as a child was an insidious myth; it was a society that could only survive as long as its women, as well as its "Negroes," remained meek and accommodating.

Much as Abbott now admires her forebears, she had no choice but to flee from their "lunatic stoicism." These women had escaped the fate of the simpering, self-deprecating belles, but weren't they too, despite their feminist enclaves "on the porch, in the front room, in the redhot kitchen," where they gossiped and exchanged often murderous thoughts about men, "superb collaborators" in the Southern patriarchy? "From mother to daughter . . . had come this unspoken counsel, this taciturn resolve to work until your skin turned to leather, and your back never stopped aching, to do the labor of ten men, if necessary, and to seek in your progeny your only real sense of accomplishment."

I suspect that *Womenfolks* is a product of guilt as much as of love, and for this reason, perhaps, Abbott's portraits of her ancestors, here and there, are just a shade soft around the edges. But there is nothing soft about her style, which has an appealingly unadorned wit and grace. Apparently one of the qualities handed down by her maternal ancestors was the ability to "spin raw cotton into fine thread."

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

TRB, *from page 6*

And poverty, of course, is not. As you travel through Brooklyn, you feel the fissures that are opening in the social fabric due to financial pain. This is true of the middle class, which cannot pay for the lawns in its life; but it is more bitterly true of the classes below it. The underclass does not even seem to dream anymore, except about destruction; and it has been accepted as a permanent imperfection beneath the society, like the sewers. Atlantic Avenue must be one of the most issueless steets in America. Many idle angrily there. Some of them would gladly exchange their anger for a job. Elsewhere in Brooklyn the idleness is not on the streets, but in the stores; retail businesses are being routed, and small factories quietly close.

Back to the bridge. Let us have bridges. There are vast social and economic distances to be spanned. The greatness of America lies not only in growth, but in the seeing of growth's shadows. Some of these shadows could be seen by the light of the fireworks that exploded over the bridge on its birthday. The politicians read poetry, particularly Hart Crane's. I have a verse from Crane, too. "Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge, / Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry," he wrote of the bridge. The prophet's pledge, say the politicians, has been satisfied. The lover's cry has not, but there may be another lover. There remains the pariah's prayer, and there may not be another life.

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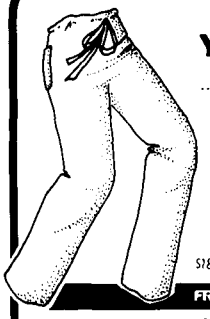

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CEDAR RAPIDS DIARIST

Rewards

LIKE MANY INHABITANTS of the metropolitan East Coast, I have a provincial's view of America. My mental map still has Chicago three-fourths of the way across the continent, out there with the corn, the cows, and Montana. Also Iowa—where I went not to assist any of the potential Presidents who regularly make the trek, but to receive an honorary degree from Coe College. Coe is in Cedar Rapids, population one hundred thousand, including fifty-one NEW REPUBLIC subscribers. (Why so few? The Cedar Rapids proportion is exactly what it is for the whole country. One out of every two thousand Americans subscribes. You are an elite.) One local told me that Cedar Rapids is the kind of town where you have to go to a gourmet shop to get Velveeta cheese. It's not so, of course; but if you were born in New York, live in Cambridge, work in Washington, and dream of Los Angeles—maybe even if you are Cedar Rapids born, bred, and content—Cedar Rapids is . . . well, a little quiet. Also less expensive. A night at Stouffer's Five Seasons Hotel (why not four, I don't know) sets you back $40, and the beds are no worse than at the Waldorf. Thirty-five cents buys your car an hour at the Parkade Garage, a sum that wouldn't get you five minutes in D.C.

THE SHRINERS' circus was playing at the ten thousand-seat Arena; a line of elephants halted the sparse Saturday downtown traffic—sparser, I'm told, since the recession, which has not yet lifted here. Shopping malls came late to the region, so the decline of the city center is more recent and jarring than in cities that are already renovating and renewing what they deserted. A stunning Louis Sullivan building still stands; when the Guaranty Bank puts itself into spiffy new quarters, as it inevitably will, this classic piece of architecture will be the core of a downtown revival and will harbor fifty boutiques. In the meantime the streets are not empty, even in the late hours. There is a little combat zone with a smut shop, an X-rated movie house, and some bars for women and men of the night. Were there such in Cedar Rapids when its most notable native son, Grant Wood, gave us *American Gothic*? History moves quickly, even in Cedar Rapids. A loud new-wave beat shook the floor of my hotel room. Unable to sleep, I went downstairs to investigate. The band was playing in the Henry Wallace Suite. Did anyone know who he was? Two whom I asked had no idea at all. One was sure he was a baseball player. At the non-X-rated picture palace, *The Sound of Music* is still playing. Nowhere, though, does taste change uniformly.

THERE ARE SOME two and a half million Iowans and some thirty-three institutions of higher education. Surely this must be a record. Coe College was founded in 1851 with a $1,500 contribution from one Daniel Coe, an untutored Congregationalist deacon in upstate New York, whose benefaction to a Presbyterian seminary stipulated, just twelve years after Oberlin was established as the first coeducational school in the nation, that women be enrolled as well as men. Like hundreds of other colleges in the country, then, Coe owes its existence to a denominational impulse. In most of them the sectarian connections have frayed over the years, apparently because faculties experienced the religious doctrines of the sponsoring churches as a constraint on academic freedom. This was once a legitimate worry. But today, when "anything goes," as it does in mainstream Protestantism, the anxiety seems curiously dated; and the consequence of the separation is to set the colleges adrift from natural constituencies from which they might draw students and financial support. Given the concentration of resources in the great urban universities, moreover, the survival of some of these colleges in the heartland, which is also to say far from the financial elites, may be just this side of a miracle. But sheer survival is not their only achievement.

CERTAINLY SURVIVAL is not the name of Coe's achievement. Its ethos was familiar to me as soon as I met my first Coe faculty member, for it is the ethos of many fine small colleges: enterprises of the mind that are morally and intellectually serious. If their professors do not add inordinately to the body of what goes for scholarship these days (in the disciplines I know, it's mostly of trivia), they read and are in touch with every important development in "the field." And in the small colleges "the field" is really quite big, because no college can afford to have its professors specialize too narrowly. (If you *are* the department of French literature, you must occupy yourself with more than, say, the deployment of the subjunctive in Flaubert's letters.) In a way, then, teaching at these colleges may be more ambitious than at the academic culture's fifteen or twenty apexes, and particularly in the ambition to generalize. Without that ambition, so often and so wrongly derided, students cannot be inspired to see the opportunity for study as much beyond preparation for craft or, worse yet, just for job.

I HAVE A MENTAL PROFILE of the small college out in the sticks, perhaps a somewhat idealized profile but essentially true, which was evoked once more for me at Coe. Wholesome students, and not children of privilege on the whole, are assembled in a sober and, after all, costly undertaking. Their teachers, perhaps because they constitute a cohort of men and women fixed on ideas in an environment generally indifferent to them, communicate ideas intensely and judge them that way, too. One little-noticed feature of America's small colleges like Coe is a cluster of European exiles—in the '30s and '40s they came from Germany and Austria; more recently from Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Russia itself—who, having been forced to leave their books behind, carry history on their backs. Their passions and their stake in freedom invigorate colleagues, perhaps also mystify students, but provocatively. For the exiles, the freedom to teach seems reward enough. It must make do for the others as well, since it is the one reward a good small college can offer everyone—that and responsive, nonjaded students. For serious and capable teachers, however much they may wistfully remember the larger and richer community of interest during their graduate student days at Stanford and Duke and Chicago, these are the rewards that sustain. Surely it's not money that does it. Genteel poverty and dignified parsimony are the usual condition of these colleges, which nevertheless make this nation rich.

M.P.

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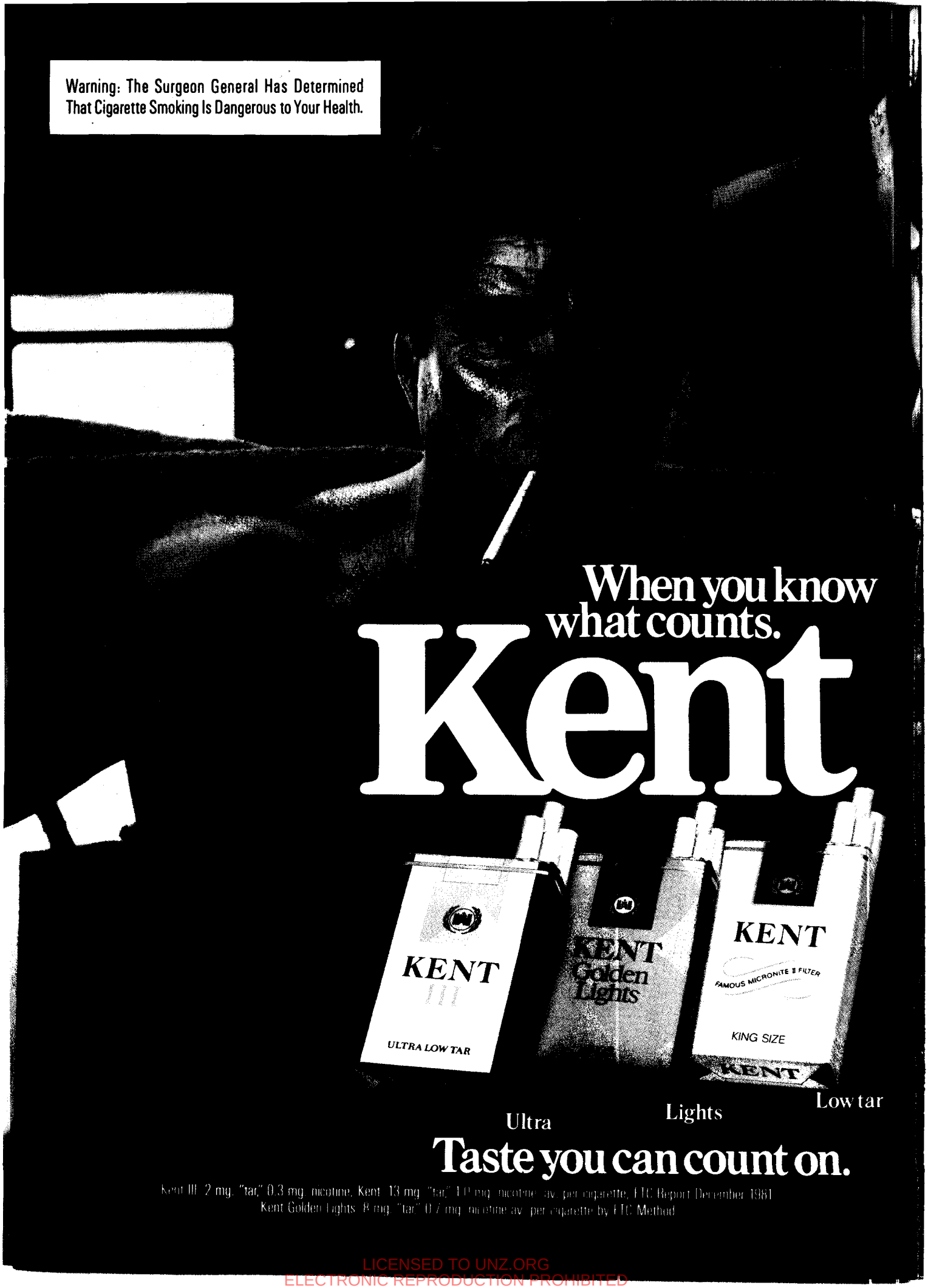
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